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Memorials of William Fowler

William Fowler

MEMORIALS

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OF

WILLIAM FOWLER.

NEW YORK:
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1875.

The compilation of these papers and the slight linking by which they are connected, have often swollen a father's heart and flooded his eyes; but there has been a comfort in the work that more than compensated for the grief and the tears. Long shrunk from by an irresistible instinct, there was a fascination in the prosecution of it that allowed no pause until the end was reached. It is meant as a private record for the eyes of family and personal friends, and any peculiarity in it may be ascribed to this intent. The prayer cannot be repressed, that while pleasant and tender recollections are awakened by the reading of it, happy influences and valuable improvement may come from it.

MEMORIALS.

WILLIAM FOWLER, son of the Rev. Philemon Halsted Fowler, D.D., and Jennette Hopkins Fowler, was born under his paternal grandfather's roof, in Albany, N. Y., September 26th, 1839, during the transition of his father's home from Washington, D. C., to Elmira, N. Y. He was named for his grandfather, whose forename had passed down in the family for many generations. The first who bore it in this country, landed at Boston, June 4th, 1637, from the ship "Hector," in the company of Rev. Peter Prudden, Gov. Eaton, and Mr. Davenport, and was one of the original settlers of New Haven, and also of Millford; one of the "seven pillars" of the church of the latter place; one of the framers of the Constitution of the New Haven Colony, and one of the magistrates from the first, down to 1654.

CHILDHOOD IN ELMIRA.

William's childhood was spent in Elmira where he was peculiarly fortunate in his earliest

education, being thrown among uncommonly excellent associates, and placed under the instruction of superior teachers, eminent among whom it is a pleasure to mention the late Elijah N. Barbour, while he was surrounded by exquisite scenery which constantly acted on his sensitive and appreciative nature, and developed that sense of the beautiful for which he was afterwards so much distinguished. His resemblance in character to his grandfather, made him almost his duplicate, and all the traits of his manhood appeared in his boyhood; his diffidence when not thrust forward by overmastering conviction of duty, or no longer tolerable provocation; his modesty, which kept him reticent about himself, and incapable of a boast; his quiet humor and quick perception of the ludicrous; his disinterestedness, which made him too ready to subordinate himself to others, and to spare and gratify them at his own expense; his power of endurance, which repressed and concealed all utterance and sign of suffering; his respectfulness and dutifulness, and his tender, prolific, ardent, but rather undemonstrative affectionateness, when not surprised or impelled into its expression; his calmness, self-possession, and courage; his thorough honesty and honorable-

ness; his quick-wittedness, and the instinctiveness almost, with which he acquired knowledge. With a single amusing exception, occurring while he was a toddling child, he was never known to speak a disrespectful word to either of his parents, and never was guilty of so much as a harsh look toward his brother or sisters; and while there was a difference of three years between himself and his brother, and they belonged therefore to different sets of boys, and sought different diversions, they never had the slightest collision, though it was often necessary, of course, for one to give place to another, and to forego something for him. He held a high stand in his classes without effort, and took in books at a glance, and was fertile in scientific experiments and other entertainments for himself and the neighborhood, and ready with the pencil and the brush. Though not fond of ordinary active sports, he liked boyish expeditions, and was unsurpassed in bearing fatigue, and discomfort, and pain, and whether at school or at play, he remarkably attached his mates to him without any aim at it or thought of it.

BOYHOOD IN UTICA.

In the eleventh year of his age, William removed with his father's family to Utica, N. Y., and there entered upon and completed his academic course preparatory for college. He was favored here, as he had been in Elmira, with the best of teachers and companions, chief among the first being Mr. Fitz Henry Weld, to whose training he often acknowledged himself largely indebted. With a passion for music, he received new inspiration from that gifted organist and genial man, the late Prof. Oliver Shaw, who loved him like a younger brother, and materially assisted him in understanding the science and practicing the art, and in becoming the critic he was. He had advantages also for cultivating the eye, until few connoiseurs surpassed him in his judgment of paintings and engravings.

LIFE AT YALE COLLEGE.

In the fifteenth year of his age William entered Yale College, and though attentive to subjects outside of the curriculum, and a general reader and busy with students' affairs, he attained to quite high scholarship and graduated with an oration.

Complimentary notices of his various public exercises were given in the papers, and he served with credit as one of the editors of the Yale *Literary Magazine*, and while a general favorite, he made the impression on those about him that had he been intent upon it, he could have reached a foremost rank in his classes. His college life was exceedingly happy, and the intimacies he then formed were ever after inexpressibly dear to him.

ADMISSION TO THE BAR.

Returning to the shelter of his grandfather's roof, under which he was taken at birth, William entered the Albany Law School and the law office of Messrs. Reynolds & Harris, and completing his preparations for it there, he was admitted to the Bar, and formed a partnership in New York with his friend and college classmate, Daniel Cady Eaton, now of the Department of the Fine Arts in their *Alma Mater*.

ARMY LIFE IN LOUISIANA.

The alarm of war soon reached the young lawyer, and closing his books and leaving his table, he went forth to battle for the Union.

Commissioned as lieutenant in the 173d New York Regiment, he set sail to take part in General Banks' Louisiana expedition, and moving with it in its various marches, he passed through the Tèche country, and lay in the rifle-pits before Port Hudson until its fall, and after suffering from illness as the consequence, he was transferred, in the Autumn of 1863, to the 146th New York Regiment, and joined the Army of the Potomac on the eve of the Mine Run movement, and went through the battles of the Wilderness, and was commissioned as Captain. Subsequently brevetted Major, he served as Assistant Adjutant-General on the staff of General Charles Griffin of the Fifth Corps, until the surrender of General Lee, with the exception of a very short interval, when he was called to General Casey's staff at Washington, and he marched with our victorious army through Richmond to Washington.

He maintained a constant correspondence with his relatives amid the distractions and fatigues and absorbing activities of army life, a large number of his letters having been written on battle-fields. Some of these happen to have been preserved, and though hurriedly penned or

penciled, and often on scraps of paper and without a thought of their being seen outside of his immediate home, they contain much that may interest other friends, and extracts from them are therefore appended. Much of trifling account is quoted, for this will be appreciated by the small circle for whose eye the memorial is designed.

It is very much regretted that several well remembered letters have failed to appear. One of these, and the most valued, perhaps, describes the opening battle in the Wilderness, which proved fatal to several of his young townsmen and most-prized friends.

The regiment he first joined rendezvoused at Riker's Island, and his parents can never erase the painful impression from their visit to him there. The situation was as uncomfortable and disagreeable as it well could be made to one of his tastes and habits. The weather was raw and cutting, and he had scarcely an apology for protection against it, while an almost wild rabble, largely gathered from the slums of the city, surrounded him, and even among the officers he met no congenial spirit. With this rough crowd, after long delay, he was stowed, New Year's day, 1863, in a miserable vessel, with utterly in-

adequate accommodations, and shipped, first for Fortress Monroe, and then for New Orleans. There was tumult on board, of course, and the men, exasperated by poor fare, plotted against the officers. "We have two poor miserables," he writes, January 5th, "shackled to the mast now, and ten more in a sort of chain-gang between decks, and I imagine that we will have to double their number before long."

He did not recoil, however, at this introduction to military experience, and only for a moment did his spirits even flag. "Last night I had my first touch of home-sickness. It was rainy and dreary, and something had gone a little wrong, and I got into my bunk with symptoms of the blues. The sun has driven them away, and there is nothing left this morning but the feeling that it would be pleasant to land in Utica for a few moments." He pitied the recruits, bad specimens of humanity as most of them were, remarking, "One must see the hardships of a common soldier to form any conception of them. They cannot be told. People invest their life with a sort of romance, which they suppose makes it easy, but there is nothing of the kind in it, and the man who holds out from other mo-

tives than fear or gain deserves more credit than he will ever get. The fighting, for which all the honor is paid, is least deserving of it."

Military jealousies and prejudices broke out almost simultaneously with the sailing of the vessel, and revealed a class of scenes too commonly enacted among more prominent actors in great wars, and which patriotism did not wholly suppress in our conflict for the Union.

"I forgot to speak before of the misfortunes of our Lieutenant-Colonel, who was in command of the detachment. During the passage to Fortress Monroe, and while we were lying there, he treated some of the officers rather rudely, and made himself quite unpopular. One of the cavalry officers was especially embittered against him; and, taking advantage of the desertion of a few of his men and the leniency of the Lieutenant-Colonel in not placing the officers of the day under arrest, he persuaded General Dwight to arrest him and send him to New Orleans on another vessel. This was exceedingly unjust, and in a day or so afterward the cavalry were transferred to a ship by themselves, and some succeeded in deserting from that. The officer in charge ought to bear

the punishment he had caused to be inflicted on our Lieutenant-Colonel."

This was not the end of the Lieutenant-Colonel's misfortunes and of successful plotting against him. Just after the regiment had received their pay at Opelousas in April, 1863, and had sent more than $30,000 to their homes, and just on the eve of an engagement, for which it was in the best of trim, he "received a despatch from Washington dismissing him from the service. He did not know the precise reasons for this. He had faults, of course, and many enemies, but only among those officers whom he had disciplined. Through his constant and active exertions the regiment had improved wonderfully, and would shortly have equalled any in the service. He knew his business well, and performed it faithfully, never hesitating to punish either officers or men, and working with an untiring energy astonishing to us who were accustomed to only carelessness and indolence in commanding officers. He did this in the face of opposition which would have discouraged almost any one else. To me and many other officers his dismissal was a terrible blow, and since then we have had opportunity to see the extent of our loss."

Justice, however, overtook and vanquished wrong. The Lietenant-Colonel was restored, and took a gallant part in the subsequent campaigns, and acted as Brigadier-General, with Lieutenant Fowler as chief of his staff.

It was inevitable that worthless officers should be commissioned among the multitude who entered the volunteer army. "If I were contented with my regiment, I should be happy. As it is, I don't deny being home-sick. While Colonel Peck was with us I was better satisfied every day, for I knew that right would be done if possible. Now I am discouraged, and would hail the consolidation of the regiment, or anything else that took me out of it. If you knew the kind of associates I am thrown in with, the difficulty I find in doing what I think is right, and the want of harmony among our officers, you would not wonder that I feel as if I were standing more than even patriotism requires. There is fine material in the regiment, and its conduct under fire elicited the warmest commendation from our generals. I am proud of it for that, and the more unhappy on this account because its internal condition is so bad. None of the officers seem to have any ambition for the

regiment left, though, of course, very different reasons account for it with different persons. You can easily imagine that, as the result, affairs are conducted in a careless, grumbling way. This must be kept secret for the present. I can only wait, and hope for relief from my trying position."

"A great many of the line officers are unable to write properly and spell correctly, and are illiterate in the highest degree, and it is very seldom such men make good officers. There are exceptions, and some among us, but very few. There is another class composed of those who have some intelligence, but who seem to have come here for 'a good time,' and their aim is turned wholly in this direction, to the serious detriment of their companies. My own captain is in the last class. He is a good fellow socially, but if he wishes to do anything or go anywhere, the company interests are neglected and sacrificed. All duty falls on the lieutenants, but as no discipline of moment can be enforced without the Captain's sanction, and he is not with the men much, and either does not appreciate their faults or is too indolent to correct them, we have been utterly unable to bring them into the state we wished. Lieut. Dill attends to his part like a man, even when unwell

enough to be in the hospital, but both of us have been nearly discouraged. Since the late trouble the Captain has done somewhat better, and I hope he will keep it up. There is, however, this difficulty: that in attempting to drill the company, he gives such commands now and then as would make Gen. Casey's hair stand on end, and he can't be persuaded to study enough to learn first principles."

The work exacted of officers besides fighting, is more onerous than civilians suppose, and faithfulness in it demands principle and energy. "The captain, though a first-rate fellow, is lazy, and don't understand drill at all. In the absence of Lieut. Dill I have done all that, and superintended inspections and roll calls. It is horrible work teaching these stupid men the manual of arms. They can handle a spade or hod well enough, but when it comes to a gun they are all lost, and make ridiculously awkward movements. At squad drill in the morning, I devote myself to the five or six worst men I have—a trial of patience, indeed. They can't understand anything, and persist in handling their pieces as if they weighed five hundred pounds, instead of twelve, and look as if the

touch of one was destruction. But they are slowly getting into shape, and I have hopes of the most ungainly, and there is the further comfort that all are under better command than ever before. They have no chance to 'skedaddle,' and we give them pretty fair punishment now and then. I send a little sketch of one who was kept, with loaded knapsack and equipments, standing on a barrel, for a good long while, before our tent."

The conveniences and comforts of camp life in war times do not compare well with those of ornamental soldiery in times of peace, and the marches are anything but holiday performances. "Our regiment, after having been knocked about in an extraordinary manner, is encamped at last in this little out-of-the-way place, (Indian Village, La., Feb. 8th, 1863) in the heart of rebeldom, and surrounded by rascally Secesh guerillas. Last Tuesday we joined the other part of the batallion at Baton Rouge, after a long and wearisome sojourn on shipboard. We found the brigade to which we are attached, in the intrenchments just out of the city on the ground where the battle of Baton Rouge was fought last Summer. Some fifteen miles north of us, at Port Hudson, a large

Confederate force was placed, and our pickets often caught sight of stragglers from it, and took flying shots at them. The intrenchments were merely earthworks hastily thrown up, but situated very advantageously. The negro brigade was continually adding to them and improving them. Before long they will be formidable. The city was covered with marks of hard fighting. Whole rows of houses were levelled by shot and shell, others were burned down, and still more riddled with musketry. Shot and shell were still lying all around in the fields and on our camp-grounds. The State capitol, a beautiful building, had been set on fire shortly after our troops landed last December, and nothing but the burned and smoked walls stood. The place was almost deserted by the inhabitants, the stores all closed, and the ravages of war were more evident than in any place I have yet seen. Everybody 'spiled for a fight,' and every sort of rumor floated about, and the daily coming in of pickets added to the stock. It looked very little like 'playing soldier.' Our regiment did not pitch their tents on account of the rain, and it was fortunate, too, for the day after we arrived our whole brigade was put under march-

ing orders, and on Friday we embarked for our present location. At first we expected to go at the rebel stronghold, Port Hudson, though it hardly seemed possible that such men as our detachment contained—men who hardly knew a musket from a pistol—should be sent immediately into a fight. But Uncle Sam does a great many queer things, and it was only after we were started *down* the river, instead of up, that my mind was at ease. Early Saturday morning we reached Placquemine, a small town on the opposite side of the river from Baton Rouge, and about eighteen miles below it. One or two Union companies were stationed there, and informed us that their pickets had been driven in several times, and that 2,000 rebel cavalry lay at Indian Village. As we were destined there, the information was not enlivening. However, 'go we must, and we went.' It was a hot day; the men were just off ship and loaded like packhorses. I shall not soon forget that first march of mine. It was only nine miles, but it seemed a hundred. The soldiers fell out of the ranks by scores, and when we reached the end only 150 were left of the whole regiment. The Captain and I marched heroically in at the head of eight

men, the sum total remaining of fifty-four. Company G came up with none save officers, and other companies suffered correspondingly. Happily we encountered no foes, and bivouacked in peace. By nightfall the stragglers brought up, and the brigade laid down to sleep as best it could. The first comers of us reached the place at 3 P. M., and we officers, notwithstanding weariness and aching feet, started forth at once on a foraging expedition. We made a strike at a deserted sugar-refinery and its surroundings, which furnished work for the whole afternoon. We rushed in like a flock of sheep, and secured everything of military value. The Captain and I got two nice chairs, a table, wash-basin, stone-jug, tin measures, and a half-barrel of fine molasses, and in consideration of some fine sweet potatoes, we gave a gracious permission to some poor whites living near by, who had kept aloof from the sugar-house out of fear of the owner, to help themselves *ad libitim.* Their eyes bunged out with joy, and in they went. We confiscated a donkey and cart and proceeded to load up. Several others afterwards reached the spot and grabbed right and left, and a flock of sheep and some chickens hove in sight and the crowd

made for them. Soldier-straps flew around in utter looseness. Here was a pair hanging to the horns of a big ram, there was another pair covering a couple of fowl. In fact, they raced over the field like mad, though on getting back to camp there was good evidence that there had been method in the madness. The returning troop was headed by the donkey and cart, laden with old furniture of every kind, boards, sugar, molasses, sheep, and poultry. As the donkey was unaccommodating, an officer walked at his side to help the driver effect a forward movement. Behind a half-dozen captains and lieutenants marched, shouldering chairs, sweet potatoes, pots, pans, kettles, and other articles of domestic utility, and in this form we passed the guard and entered camp, and laid down our plunder in readiness for tent-pitching. That night I slept on the steamer Iberville, which brought our stores up the bayou. If weariness was ever embodied, it appeared in me. My back was almost broken by the weight it had borne on the march, my feet were blistered to sores, and I was generally used up. Why so short a march should be so trying I cannot conceive. I stood it better than most, but it gave

me a good pull, and I am glad enough that it is over. To-day we have been pitching tents, and it was little like Sunday in consequence. We had no shelter, and it was a work of necessity and mercy. It is nearly nine weeks since I have known a Sabbath. I would give a deal for a seat in church, if it was only old Yale chapel. I can't get used to having every day a week day. Sunday is devoted to letter-writing. No drill to tax one, and little to do, it is natural to sit down and think of home, and one sees throughout the camp officers and men scribbling away, and now and then one a little overcome by his thoughts and giving way to a regular school-girl fit— 'home on the brain,' as it is styled here.

"Last night I slept in tent for the first time. We have ours fixed up in gorgeous style. Three large doors, a contribution from some gentlemanly Secesh, make the floor; an ancient bedstead, from the same quarter, stands on it, and with sugar-cane leaves spread upon it, and these covered with an india-rubber blanket, we have a mattress, the luxuriousness of which I tested last night. All this, with two chairs, a table, and our equipments, furnish the place handsomely and comfortably. I ask for nothing better, and so

long as my health continues, as now, in the finest condition, I have no fear of home-sickness. Our darkies cook quite palatable meals, pretty greasy, to be sure, and when we have cakes, exceedingly heavy; but we lay in, and get fat upon them. There is just excitement enough in it all the while to give zest to our life. We lie down at night with arms at hand, ready any instant for the 'long roll,' and always uncertain as to when the rebels will be upon us.

"It is funny how a brace of good servants, such as we have, can supply a tent with the conveniences of home. When we came here we had no table furniture, but now there are four plates, knives, forks, and spoons in abundance. Cups and bowls grace our board, and the stock increases in a mysterious manner every day. I cannot justly claim that our fare equals that of the Maison D'Orée, but bacon, salt pork and beef (technically termed 'salt horse') have fattening qualities which rapidly fill out my attenuated form. The principal thing I fear is waking some night afloat on the raging waters, or underneath them, for the bayou has already risen above the level of our camp-ground, and if the levee gives way we are borne on a flood or sunk in it."

"NEAR BRASHER CITY, LA., *April* 8, 1863.

"We are bivouacked on the Bayou Boeuf. The men sleep under sheds, in the open air, and almost anywhere if the ground is a little soft. Our small tent is put up on an old road, where the soil is clayey and trodden into dust as fine as flour, and our appearance is therefore rather unofficer-like. Worse than this, an old wood-pile stood near by, and lying on the chips is the torture of beds of iron spikes, on which heretics were put. I have slept on almost every known substance, but the torment of these chips, exceed everything else.

"We reached Algiers on the 4th inst., and on the evening of the 6th, received orders to be ready to march by day-break next morning, officers to turn their valises in for storage, and to carry only a small bag or knapsack, and one private's tent for shelter; and privates to carry the flies of officers' tents for shelter. We went to work immediately, getting little sleep that night. and in the morning took rail for this place (Brasher City, April 8, 1863). I do not know what the expedition intends, but the rumor is that Gen. Weitzel, about five miles off, expects

an attack, and we go to reinforce nim. We are ordered to be ready for an engagement at any moment, and if cannon are heard, to hurry towards them.

"We reached here (Brasher City, April 9, 1863) this A. M., and are cooking three days' rations, after which we will advance again. The enemy is reported quite near us."

"SIMSPORT, LA., *May* 21, 1863.

"All our division has crossed the Achafalaya at this place, except our regiment, which acts as rear guard for the entire force. The heat is very oppressive, and marching tells severely on the men. Numbers are sick. We are bivouacking now on the bank of the bayou, our old field, and the ground is poorly adapted to sleeping purposes. It is broken into countless hard lumps, lying on which is like a bed of cobblestones, and as no boards are procurable, we bruise our unhappy bodies black and blue. Fortunately, experience has toughened us to rough couches, and we suffer much less than would be imagined. Indeed, a mattress has lost its charms, and my highest aspiration is a good, soft board. I have rested

sweetly on four rails taken from a fence, with a haversack filled with 'hard tack' for a pillow. I never expect to be troubled more on the score of beds. I have learned, moreover, to appreciate housekeeping difficulties, and the embarrassment of getting a meal when there is nothing to eat. I understand 'the plague of life,' too. Our contraband from Mr. James McFarland's plantation did well at first, but proves lazy beyond description, and harbors a voracious appetite. No amount of supplies can last beyond two days, as the darkey is always eating when he is not sleeping. Lieutenant Dill and I mess alone now, the Captain having joined another mess. Indeed, he has deserted the company, never sleeping in it, and seldom coming near it. He looks out for his own comforts, and lets everything disagreeable come upon us, and if either of us happens to be sick, he keeps aloof from helping the other.

"I have given you the bright side of soldier-life," writing to his brother. "The innumerable little anxieties and cares, added to the hardships ever and anon, make up the dark side. Personal experience alone permits an idea of the facts. This, I hope, you may be spared. Taking every thing into consideration, we are worse off almost

than dogs. If you are wise, keep out of the army. One from a family is enough. I do not regret my own step, but do you hold back until there is more need of you than now appears.

"Things are managed better in our brigade than usual. It consists of the 2d and 4th Metropolitan regiments, the 4th Wisconsin, and the 8th New Hampshire, and one battery of six twelve-pounders, the whole under the command of Colonel Payne, of the 4th Wisconsin. He is a splendid man and soldier, and keeps affairs all straight. I feel safe with him, and wish that other brigades of the division were as well commanded."

A genuine officer is as sensitive to the honor of the body to which he belongs, as to his own.

"*March* 13.

"Yesterday General Banks reviewed two divisions of his army. Our brigade was included, and of course our regiment. The troops appeared in full marching order, just as they would if moving upon the enemy. It was a grand sight even to me, with my poor opportunity for a view. The race-course, two miles from our

camping-ground, was the scene of action. Our brigade of four regiments marched out with fixed bayonets, in cadenced step and in column by platoon. As we reached a hill, I could see the immense black host stretching out, the long lines of flashing guns, and the steady swing and tramp of the men, dressed and equipped as they were, in marching forth for battle the next day, and I cannot expect to behold a more magnificent spectacle. It was the pomp and circumstance of war in its reality. I defy anyone to look upon it without feeling his heart beat quicker. When we reached the review-ground, the three brigades forming our division were drawn up in three lines of battle, ours being the interior, and the artillery and cavalry the rear. The ranks were opened, the officers moving to the front of their companies. I then got a sly glance now and then down the line, which lengthened out until it ran, as it were, into the ground. We stood with arms at the shoulder, presumed not to move a muscle, while General Banks and staff rode slowly along each brigade front. My sword grew very heavy, and my shoulders ached. How the men stood it with their heavy rifles, and knapsacks, overcoats, and blankets strapped to

their backs, I cannot comprehend. Fifteen minutes more would have finished me, lightly weighted as I was. Our regiment looked finely, and attracted the attention of the General and his staff in a marked degree, soothing my wounded spirits a little. The ranks were then closed, the lines wheeled into column of companies, and we marched by in review, 10,000 moving on one open field.

"During yesterday and to-day the entire army of sixty odd thousand men has gone forward, leaving a few troops behind, our regiment, I regret to say, among them. Gen. Weitzel is reported opposite Port Hudson, on the other side of the river. Our expedition to Indian Village was expected to find him there by another route, which was found impracticable, however. The gunboats have gone up the river, and the ball has opened by a little cavalry skirmish this morning, which drove the rebel pickets in, with a few captured and killed. It is galling to sit quietly here while such work is in progress. I could hardly keep from crying to-day when the rest of the brigade filed by, singing and cheering, and I wanted to wring the necks of our whole regiment.

"I told father that our regiment was to remain behind while the rest of the brigade went against

Port Hudson, the reason being that the men refused to leave Plaquemine until paid off, and the Lieut.-Col. promised them, on condition of their moving then, that they should not be called upon to break camp again until money matters were all settled. We arrived here on the eve of the great advance. Our Lieut.-Col. reported his course to headquarters, and it was approved, and the regiment ordered to stay behind. I need hardly say that I do not wish to speak of circumstances that make this, at least, apparently a lasting disgrace to the regiment. You can see that no excuse will clear us of the dishonor upon us, in general estimation. And I need not describe the agony of mind to which it has put me; but I would like to state some facts that will be palliative at least. When the regiment first started the various bounties to which enlisting men were entitled amounted to $237, and this was published in the recruiting handbills. Several of these bounties were stopped while the regiment was in process of organizing, but no change was made in the handbills, and many were thus brought in, counting on the original sum, when they could obtain scarcely a quarter of it. This produced trouble on Riker's Island, and has continued a cause of complaint

ever since. Then the Police Commissioners, who raised the regiment, promised a certain relief to the families of all volunteers in the Metropolitan brigade. This promise has not been fulfilled, and there is another and good reason for dissatisfaction with the men. And still further, we have never received a farthing of pay, though it has been often pledged. Now, imagine the feelings of soldiers, many of whom left good situations, hearing from home that their wives were in the almshouse and their children begging. Who but would have their patriotism and patience severely tested thus; and as a good proportion of the men enlisted more for money than from a sense of duty, the trial has been too much for them."

"OPELOUSAS, LA., *April* 25, 1863.

"That night I slept on a couple of boards (across Berwick bay) in an open field, and rested refreshingly, nothwithstanding the heavy dew which falls in this region. The next day, April 11, orders came to move, and I stored my blanket and dress coat, carrying only my overcoat and India rubber coat (since lost), and India rubber blanket. We started at noon, Weitzel's

brigade holding the advance, and we following next. General Grover's division took the other side of the bayou to fall on the flanks and rear of the enemy. We had hardly gone a mile when cannon were heard shelling the woods ahead. On we pushed, leaving the road just before reaching the village of Patterson, and marching through fields of high uncut sugar-cane, over ditches and ploughed land, and in a sweltering atmosphere, thick with dust. It was severe beyond fancy. Every few minutes the sound of cannon saluted us. It was impossible to keep the order in column unbroken, and to form a line of battle must have been very difficult, so that there was great anxiety of mind besides weariness of body. We reached a place of encampment in a ploughed field, however, without getting into action; and worn out, I laid down under my overcoat in the dust and dirt, and tried to sleep, but the cold and dew made the night most uncomfortable. Early on the morning of the 12th, we formed line of battle, and advanced about half a mile over the kind of ground we had when we crossed in column yesterday. It is one of the hardest tasks for a regiment to work itself on in this way on a level parade-ground, and it was next to im-

possible over those furrows and through those cane fields. But we were moving within reach of the enemy's guns, and that is the safest course in such a case. We laid quiet there for several hours. The skirmishers were busy before us, and occasionally the cannon boomed, though none of the balls struck near us. At 5 P.M., we advanced again in line of battle, and some shot and shell hissed over our heads, a cloud of dust and dirt rising now and then where a missile fell. There was no faltering, however, the regiment going steadily forward, dressed as coolly as at parade, and finally it laid down just out of musket shot. The cannonading grew hotter, the whizzing of round shot and the hiss of bursting shell becoming unpleasantly close and frequent. Weitzel's brigade, just before us, elicited a little musketry, but evening was at hand, and the brunt was put off until the next day, and shortly after 6 o'clock, we faced about, retired a short distance, and bivouacked. A mail arrived that night, but we were in range of the rebels shell, and no lights were allowed, so that its distribution waited until the morrow. We were called up once and formed line, because of some sharp picket firing. It amounted to nothing, however,

and I laid down again for such sleep as the cold and dew allowed. Early on the morning of the 13th, we were aroused and brought into line. Two heavy Parrott guns were stationed on each flank of our brigade, and a battery of brass pieces at our front. The latter our regiment was ordered to support, a duty always reckoned very honorable. Here we received our letters, doubly acceptable then. I had not finished mine, when the Parrotts opened, and the troops were commanded to lie down. The two at our left directed fire chiefly at the rebel gunboat 'Diana,' whose smoke-stack and flag were plainly visible as she sailed towards an opening in the trees which lined the bayou, and threw her huge shells humming through the air towards us. The firing was not brisk at first, and we could stand up and watch the effect of our own guns, see the return flash from the steamer, hear the horrible screech of the shell coming towards us, and lie down in time to protect ourselves. At 10 o'clock, a rebel battery, some distance outside the intrenchments, was silenced. Up to that time the cannonading had been steadily increasing in rapidity, but then it ceased entirely.

"I send a little diagram of the battle-field and

rebel intrenchments. That may give you a better idea of the position. The open ground was an old cane-field whose furrows ran parallel with the rebel works, and ditches for draining crossed it at frequent intervals in the same direction. The nature of the ground was advantageous to our troops, preserving many lives that must have been otherwise destroyed.

"Soon after the lull in the firing, the battery in front of us limbered up and advanced, we following it, and marching right over one regiment lying in a ditch on our way. We were halted and ordered to lie down in another ditch, marked 2 in the diagram. The firing recommenced in our advance, and became more lively than before. Weitzel was still in front of us, receiving musketry and artillery. After lying awhile, orders came to cross the river, but these were countermanded. In the meanwhile Weitzel changed front, facing the works near the woods, which ran at right angles to the main works, and at 2 P. M. we were commanded to rise and go forward. A fearful artillery discharge fell upon us, bursting shell blinding and stunning us, and dropping their fragments all about us. The regiment behaved admirably,

never breaking for an instant, and marching steadily over the uneven ground. Two regiments of the brigade, both older than ours, faltered and broke slightly, but were rallied again. We went on until we came within supporting distance of our batteries in the extreme front, and then laid down, the men in the ditch, and the file closers and officers in furrows behind it. There we remained four hours under an indescribably fearful fire of grape, round-shot, shell, and musketry. It seemed impossible for any to escape, and yet our loss was only two killed and five wounded. It is strange that none were touched while on foot and in the advance, though the fire was hottest then and our exposure so much the greater. My experience sustains the common remark that lying quiet under fire is the hardest of military feats. The air was filled with screeching, humming, whizzing, buzzing, and whistling shell, grape, round-shot, and rifle-bullets, and with the deep reports of cannon, and the sharp reports of bursting shells. We were obliged to keep motionless and still amid this startling and tremendous storm, the dust and dirt occasionally covering us as a shot fell near by, and some missile every now and then startling us

by ploughing within a few inches of us. Our calmness seems incredible as I look back upon it. Our batteries partially silenced some of the rebel guns, when General Paine rode up and said: 'Now comes the tug, boys. I know the 173d can do its duty, and I believe it will. We're going to take that battery!' Then followed the order to the whole brigade: 'Attention, battalion—second battalion, battalion of direction. Forward march!' Scarcely a man hesitated. The brigade was up in a moment, and away we went. A terrible volley of musketry poured from the whole rebel line, the bullets singing about our ears like a swarm of bees, and a battery, unseen or unused before, was put in position to rake our entire line, and had we gone on, it must have mowed us down by the hundreds. General Paine saw this, and ordered us back, and we resumed our uneasy and perilous proneness in the ditch and furrows, and retained it until near dark. Just before six o'clock, unusually sharp musketry opened on our left, in the direction of General Weitzel. The 173d was ordered up to help there if needed. We marched a short distance, and then formed line at right angles to the position we just left, and received

the worst musketry fire given us, and were kept under it for some time, owing to the difficulty of dressing our line, because the right and left wing belonged to different commands. Here we continued until retiring to bivouac, the fire gradually decreasing and finally ceasing. That night the rebels evacuated their works, and we occupied them, and took our breakfast there in high spirits, and so ended my first battle.

"We had hardly finished our breakfast on the 14th when the column was put in motion to pursue the retreating rebels. General Grover had been moving his division up the Achafalaya bayou all this time, and crossed over to the Tèche, meeting the enemy near the city of Franklin, and giving them a good drubbing in addition to the one before inflicted upon them. From that time until the 21st, when we reached this place (Opelousas), we followed them up by forced marches, continually skirmishing in front, and taking a multitude of prisoners, and routing their army. We suffered all the hardships of soldier-life, and they surpassed my worst apprehensions. The whole period was a season of concentrated agony. I stood the trial well, notwithstanding your fears before I took my com-

mission. Not an officer kept up better, and only two or three as well. My health was never finer, and the exposure and fatigue have benefited rather than harmed me."

BEFORE PORT HUDSON, FROM ITS INVESTMENT TO ITS FALL.

June 5, 1863.

"You have heard of our army operations here. I will give you a brief account of the movements of my own regiment. We left Simsport the 24th of May, taking a transport and passing through the Achafalaya and the Mississippi to Bayou Sara. We reached there at dark, and immediately marched for Port Hudson, bivouacking at midnight some eight miles from the place. We started again in the morning, and joined our brigade about noon. We had hardly finished dinner, when the order was given to fall in and move against the rifle-pits which composed the enemy's outer defence. We moved some distance over a dreadful road, and then formed line of battle on the edge of a thick wood. The skirmishers were soon engaged, and a heavy musketry discharge commenced. We advanced slowly as the rebels fell back, lying down at every halt. This contin-

ued until 5 P.M., the regiment not having been exposed to anything but stray shot, though the wounded from the line before us were brought back in numbers. At 5, our right wing, including my company, was ordered to the support of the skirmishers on the right, and away we went through the under-brush, and over felled trees, and across ravines, which looked impassable, with none to oppose. We reached our position on the brow of one of these ravines, and lay there until night darkened, and the firing ceased. We then rejoined our regiment, on the left of the 174th New York. The men stacked arms and laid down, but were hardly settled when a tremendous volley of musketry began. It was terribly startling, and a general scampering commenced. My first impulse was to run, but I checked myself instantly, rallied the men around me, while the officers behind drove theirs up. Soldiers at the right and left fired at random, some at us, some into the air, and a few front. I could not help smiling, even in that critical moment, at the utter disregard of aim by most, and at the ludicrous figures of others. This lasted a few moments, when it was discovered that the 53d Massachusetts was picketing before us, and a

shot or two from them drew our fire. It was a serious mishap, and would have been vastly worse, had not our men shot over the heads of our friends. Two of our regiment were wounded, one from my own company. The night passed quietly afterwards, and I slept soundly on the bare ground until day-break, with nothing under me or over me. The Captain was taken with a severe chill, and woke me up, and he was so prostrated as to be taken to the rear. We remained in our position until 2 P.M. Nothing occurred the next day (May 26) but an occasional rifle shot, and now and then a cannon. At 2 P.M. we were sent to relieve the 8th New Hampshire, on picket. The line ran on the brink of a deep ravine, through which a little bayou flowed. We could see a rebel on the other side now and then, but our orders were not to fire unless fired at. We got back to our position about 6 A.M., and were ordered immediately to advance by the 'right of companies,' and we did so under a fire of grape, canister, shell, and musketry, which beggars description. And besides, the fallen trees and under-brush precluded the keeping up of our formation. Wounded men, covered with blood, were running back all the

time, and there lay the bodies of their fellows killed outright. We moved on, however, down a little gully, and up the other side, where we halted and stood in the face of a merciless fire. Lieutenant Dill was wounded here, and I took command of the company. Hardly had I done so, when a ball plumped through my men, wounding two, and tearing the clothes of others. An instant after, down went the color sergeant and one of the color corporals. We were then ordered to lie down, while two regiments passed ahead, we being reserved to support a battery. Taking position by the battery, we again laid down, a storm of shot and shell beating upon us. But a single man was killed, and another wounded. The firing slackened on our front, but heightened on our right, and we were moved in that direction to support the 1st Louisiana. They did not need us, however, and we took a position in a ravine behind them, where we stayed until Tuesday, June 2d.

"The fighting was over for that day. We had driven the enemy over ground than which nothing could be better for defence, and stand now close upon his main works, completely surrounding the fort, and intending, I suppose, to besiege

it. Batteries are planted along the entire front, and more guns are being constantly brought up. Our rifle-pits hug the works, and it is pretty sure death for a rebel to show his head. We have dismounted all guns visible at our front, and our sharpshooters command them so that they cannot be set up. On Tuesday, June 2d, we rejoined our brigade, and were immediately placed in the rifle-pits very near the enemy, our left resting on the road which enters their fortifications. It is a safe post, for we can dodge most of the bullets, and the shell burst beyond us. I came to the rear on Wednesday, having been in the immediate front ten days, sleeping right on the ground, with no blanket whatever, the entire care of the company falling on me, and ceaselessly annoyed by the rattle of rifles and the roar of cannon. I was unwell at the opening of the battle, and was thoroughly exhausted when the Captain came up and gave me a chance to get back and rest here. I am better now, and return to my company to-day.

"With respect to the management of the fight, I can only say that it was outrageous, and our officers declare that they will never go into another under ——— ———. A battle is bad

enough, but to be in it without confidence in one's commander, is awful. The men behaved nobly, and happily got through with comparatively trifling loss, the killed and wounded not exceeding thirty. The bane of our regiment is liquor. If that could be banished from officers and soldiers, it would be a priceless blessing. The army is called a drinking-school, but it is quite the reverse with me, for I never saw the evil effects of liquor so revoltingly displayed before."

"*June* 7.

"I came again to the front yesterday, and am greatly revived by my short rest. The life we lead in these woods, however, tells on us all, and many a poor fellow is carried off every day on a stretcher. We have no covering whatever, the water is very poor, the effluvia from half-buried horses and offal is sickening, and we have no chance for exercise. I believe I am getting a little rheumatic from the dampness, but a short march will cure that. We are expecting daily to have our batteries and mortars open on the fort, and if we get anything like what we shall give, dodging shells will drive stiffness from our limbs."

"*June* 17.

"We made a second, and, unhappily, an unsuccessful assault on the works here Sunday, and I write these hurried lines to let you know that I have again escaped unhurt. Our regiment alone attacked the portion of the fort opposite where we were picketing. We reached the earthworks after losing severely, and lay in the surrounding ditch all day. Our Major is wounded, probably mortally. Three officers were killed, and three badly wounded. The regiment lost between sixty and seventy — a quarter of all who went into battle. Our whole brigade is sorely cut up. General Paine was wounded, an event that probably lost the day for us. I certainly have great reason for thankfulness at passing unscathed through the three hard battles of this campaign, the constant skirmishing, and the fearful and habitual exposure to death. My health is capital, though the intense heat tells on me somewhat."

"Before Port Hudson, *June* 27, 1863.

"You have probably heard of our second, and, unfortunately, unsuccessful assault. I will speak

of my own regiment alone. We were on picket at the time in a ravine, which faced a portion of the enemy's works that juts out considerably beyond the main line. Our distance from this point is not over a hundred yards. The main assault was made a long distance to the left of us. We, totally unsupported, and numbering only about 250 men, were led against the part immediately opposite to us. Our left rested on a road which runs directly to the breastwork, and before us was a ravine filled with felled trees and brush, on the opposite side of which the fortifications stood. Our orders were to move when the firing became heavy on the left. Instead of this, we were called forward when only the skirmishers on the left were engaged. We set out by companies, some on the road, where the loss was heaviest, and some across the ravine, my company among the last. We reached the works, and ensconced ourselves in the ditch before them. Our Major was severely wounded at the outset. Two of the line officers were instantly killed, and two badly injured. Our loss is between sixty and seventy killed and wounded—nearly all in the advance. In the ditch the enemy could not harm us, for if one of them showed

his head he was sure to be shot. Some time after we reached this spot the charge was made on the left. General Paine led it, and was severely wounded. All then was confusion, and, after terrible loss, the attempt was abandoned. The engagement reduces our brigade to about 800 — scarcely a minimum regiment, and it is commanded by a Major. We have taken the front, so far, in every engagement, and been the fighting brigade of the division. The men would follow General Paine anywhere, almost reverencing him, and they deeply feel his loss.

"To return to our regiment. We remained in the ditch, sweltering in the heat and anxiously watching the top of the works. We could get no orders, and about noon Captain Rogers, who commanded, took three companies back into the rifle-pits to cover us who remained. The bullets then whistled over our heads, and one fatally struck a man in my company. Our batteries opened fire also, and threw shot and shell just over us into the embankment immediately in front, throwing dust and dirt in quantities upon us.

"Major Galway died from the effects of the wound received at the charge of June 14th. He

begged pardon of the regiment for having led them into unnecessary danger. It was always his ambition to have us first at the works, and he took us forward before the appointed time."

"*July* 7.

"To-day is the forty-fifth that we have been before Port Hudson, and it has not fallen yet. We have assaulted the place twice, and both assaults were fierce and bloody. Our second brigade, as usual, held the advance on those two occasions, and suffered severely. We all feel proud of it, and if any brigade in the department deserves honor it is this. Unhappily, we have lost General Paine, for the present at least, and I am afraid for ever. He could take the brigade anywhere, and it could whip double its number when he led it. We would undoubtedly have been in the fort now if he had not been disabled during the last attack. My regiment is in the rifle-pits, less than a hundred yards from the enemy's works. A deep ravine runs parallel with these, and its sides are indented with numerous gulleys, running from the top to the bottom. We place our men in the gullies. At the

top they dig out little places, throw up breast-works of logs, with portholes, and there the men on post stand. Caves are cut out in the sides, and sleeping apartments of every description, and here the men take what comfort they can. You would be surprised at the amount of work performed in making these pits, and amused at the curious lodgings. It is seldom that any one is hit, and a wound is generally the punishment of carelessness. Neither the rebs nor we show ourselves, but both fire at the smoke of the others' guns. The minies whistle over our heads, but we do not mind them, as we know the exposed spots. The greater danger is from our own batteries, which fire over our heads. A defective shell occasionally bursts prematurely among us. Two or three have been killed in this way, and all the officers of Co. H barely saved their lives a day or two ago. We were sitting at ease in our house when we heard the deafening explosion of a big Parrott, and the next instant dirt and splinters showered upon us. The shell fell only four feet from us, shattering a fallen tree on the bank to atoms, and then glancing from another tree, entered the rebel works. A couple of holes were made in our tent,

but no person was touched. The gunner rushed to us, frightened out of his wits, presuming that we were all slain. We earnestly begged and solemnly adjured him to fire no more such shot, and he departed a happier man, with sharper eyes for 'rotten' shells.

"One of the hardest things to stand, by the way, is the thundering of our batteries. The concussion almost shakes our heads off."

"*July* 9.

"*Port Hudson surrendered yesterday.* You can hardly imagine the delight of us poor fellows who have been struggling and fighting here so long. I am afraid that I shall see but little of the interior of the works, for, unhappily, I am on the sick list, having caught the fever shortly after the last assault. Our regiment, for some unknown reason, was kept in the rifle-pits without relief. We staid there uninterruptedly for the last twenty days, and I unwisely remained when I ought to have came into the hospital. The consequence is that I have been quite prostrated. The disease is broken, but I am very weak. It is particularly unlucky for me just now, for, to our

great joy, Colonel Peck rejoined us a few days ago, not only reinstated, but advanced, as he richly deserved to be, to the colonelcy of the regiment. He brought with him promotion to the vacancies which existed when he left, and immediately on his return made promotion to the vacancies which have since occurred. I get a lift to a first lieutenancy, and as the names have already been forwarded, hope for my commission before long. The Colonel took command of the brigade, and detailed me as aide, a peculiarly gratifying position. I got up from bed and tried to report for duty, but had to go back to the doctor's quarters, sick when most I wished to be well. The Colonel will keep the place for me as long as he can, though he may retain command of the brigade only a little while. Changes will be made as soon as we are settled. The Colonel's arrival diminishes the prospect of consolidation, for he will collect our stragglers, and put new vim into the regiment. He seldom attempts anything without accomplishing it, and it will be strange if he fails to keep up the organization, if he makes up his mind to it. Affairs will be much pleasanter now. We shall be sure of just treatment, of good discipline, and of a trustworthy

leader. Unless I gain strength, I must leave here for some hospital where food and rest may be had. But I get stronger, I think, and there may be no need of it.

"I am sorry to hear of Bayard's sickness (E. B. Webster, his cousin), but envy him his furlough. His regiment suffered heavily in the first assault here, but was not engaged in the second. The nine months men have been a bane to the department. Two regiments refused to do duty a short time since, in the face of the enemy, and that too when we were expecting to make a third assault. They are deeply disgraced, and I do not envy them their reception at home.

"We expect some respite soon, and have certainly earned it, and I trust that we may be put near enough civilization to reach some of the comforts of life.

"I shall probably send home soon for some clothing. At present I wear a private's full uniform, and have nothing better in my wardrobe. This does well in the field, but would hardly be becoming on parade.

"Tell Aunt Sarah that I can never do enough to repay her kindness. I did not receive her last

present, but am as much obliged and as grateful as if it had come to hand."

"BATON ROUGE, *July* 15, 1863.

"I remained so weak, that after the surrender, the surgeon sent me here to recruit. The fever is cured, but a short walk tires me, and if the regiment marches, as is now presumed, I must lag behind, and overtake it after it is settled."

"NEAR PORT HUDSON, *July* 23.

"I am deluging the family with letters; not so much to communicate anything of interest, but to send a series of Port Hudson views." Then follows a description or key of each, marking and describing his own position in them.

"You will see, from the heading of this, that I am back with my regiment. We are encamped a mile and a half outside the fortifications, and are picketing about the same distance further off. I was greatly benefited by a week in hospital at Baton Rouge, and though still feeble, am in capital condition otherwise. The climate, of course, is very debilitating.

"Quite a battle was fought at Donaldsonville, in which we were worsted. The rebels seem to have retreated since, though I am afraid that we shall have trouble in that direction yet.

"We expect to remain here for some time, and have sent for tents and baggage. Our living is not luxurious, and when we patronize the sutlers and indulge in the fancies, it makes havoc with our pay."

"*July* 24.

"I congratulate you," writing to his brother at New Haven, "on taking a Townsend and doing so well at the Deforest. I would have given almost anything to be present.

"We expect to lie here for some time, and have sent for tents, etc. May no rebels dash in upon us and steal them away. We have a pleasant camping ground, with nothing to complain of but the water. A darkey woman plays cook, with no fault to be found with her save that she lets our stores supply her family. We live under the flies of our old wall tent, airy enough and penetrable by every shower. I am so wonted, however, to open-air slumber, that a close tent stifles me. I used to lie awake in the doctor's tent at Baton

Rouge, but here I sleep soundly in spite of rain, flies, mosquitoes, and fleas, all of which swarm to an extent none but experience can estimate."

"*July* 31.

"Our camping ground is the identical spot where our regiment formed its first line of battle for the reduction of Port Hudson, and right here the first skirmishing in our front commenced. We have received the articles stored at Algiers when we set out on our campaign. My eyes are greeted with the sight of my green blanket and of my valise, the contents of the last having been untouched. I fished out the photographs first, and had a good look at you all at home. The tents have also come, but for some unknown reason they are not pitched, and no camping ground is marked out. The men put a couple of rubber blankets together, and form a semi-shelter. The officers use the 'flies' of our old wall tents. Imagine two forked poles stuck in the ground, and a third laid across them, and a big, thick sheet stretched over this, and you have an idea of our dwelling. The rain drives in at both ends, and drizzles through the top, caus-

ing no little trouble to keep dry. Our beds are formed by driving down four forked stakes at the corners of a parallelogram, putting two poles on the stakes along the longer sides of the parallelogram, and laying barrel staves across these for a mattress. We sleep soundly on our rustic couches. They are somewhat hard, to be sure, but we are used to that, and it is a comfort to be raised above the ground. But I long for my tent, for the sake of privacy. One likes to get now and then out of the view of everybody else, and I shall enjoy this after having been denied it so long. Old cracker boxes are the common tables and chairs, though some of us have moved in stands from a neighboring house. Our meals have been greatly improved. A colored woman cooks soldier rations very palatably for our mess. Chickens and vegetables are foraged now and then beyond our lines, and they make a feast, and though it depletes our purses, we do not grudge it when we occasionally patronize the sutler, and the extravagance is justified to our consciences by our horrible fare for months past. Our greatest want is vegetables. These we can seldom seize, nor buy for love or money. I would give anything for potatoes. The desiccated stuff which

the commissaries sometimes have is not edible. We have had one or two squashes, but with this exception, I have not tasted a vegetable since last April.

"Just before Port Hudson surrendered, matters were threatening below us. New Orleans and Baton Rouge were both in ferment, and a few days might have brought our operations here to quite a different terminus. I wish it looked more promising at the North. We were all elated by the prospect a few days ago, but the escape of Lee and the New York riots gave a depressing aspect to affairs. The latter do not trouble me so much. Were they the expression of systematic hostility to the draft, and of decently supported anti-war sentiment, they would be overwhelming, but the end, I take it, will be the thinning of the ranks of drunkards and prize-fighters.

"Yesterday I had my first turn at picket on this ground. Our part of the line extends about two miles on the road by which we entered the woods first. Twenty-one men cover the entire field, and the outpost and picket officers can hardly shun capture in case of an inroad. The quarters of the officers of the picket are at the

house of a Mrs. Husten, which has been deserted by its occupants, and robbed by the negroes and soldiers. Our regiment has largely benefited from the place. I have been amusing myself by looking over a mass of old letters and papers which were lying around, and collected quite an amount of information about the family. Mr. Husten, who died some time ago, was a Brigadier-General in the Texas army under Sam. Houston, and sank a deal of money there. He was also a strong Southern-rights and anti-Union man, as his correspondence in 1850 shows. After his death, Mrs. H. was involved in numerous law-suits, and the place is deeply in debt. The house is old and dilapidated, a story and a half high, with the usual Southern piazza. The household was evidently well educated and cultivated, and it surprised me to see their habitation so small and in such poor repair. The plantation could produce at least seven or eight thousand dollars a year. A good sugar-house was built on it, and a thrifty Yankee would have made his fortune there. The front yard was beautiful, notwithstanding long neglect, and I lounged away the heat of the day in a rocking-chair beneath the immense trees. Beyond the

yard was what had been a fine garden, with an orchard on one side, and beyond was the ground broken by the precipitous ravines which abound in the neighborhood of Port Hudson, and add so much to its strength. It was sad to witness the utter desolation which the war had wrought in that one place. If Mrs. Husten should return to it, (and she has received permission so to do,) she must depend on the Government for subsistence, even with this valuable property in hand. The same is true of hundreds of immensely larger and better plantations throughout the State. The amount the people have lost must be incalculable. Northern people do not understand how thankful they ought to be that their section of the country is not the seat of war. One must see the ruin to judge of it. The heart aches to look at the elegant residences and situations abandoned by the owners and pillaged and wasted by the blacks and by both armies."

"*August* 1.

"Colonel Peck is again in command of the brigade, and has detailed me as Assistant Adjutant-General. Just now I care little for the place, though at most times I would eagerly

take it. It may be continued only a little while. Our tents are up, and they are quite home-like. I counted on one for myself, but am disappointed. But even with the Captain in it, I feel far more comfortable than before.

"Our regiment was removed a day or two ago to within the fortifications near the right. At first, no little indignation was felt, for much work had been spent on the old camp, and it was just about in perfect order. Besides, it lay in the woods and was well shaded, while we are exposed to the sun here. Our brigade headquarters, however, are pleasantly located in the yard of an abandoned plantation, about a mile from the fort. We have a breeze as well as shade, and the heat must be intolerable without them. I hope that Colonel Peck will remain in command for a goodly space. I did not care at first for my position on his staff, but I like it more every day. It relieves me of company duty, which is distasteful to me, and gives me employment enough to be agreeable. I have a tent to myself, get the earliest news of what is going on in the front, and catch an insight of that most formal of army departments, the Adjutant-General's, and this may be of great use to me in the future.

"Logan, the guerilla, has a force of cavalry near us. Night before last he was within a mile of our videttes, and we had lively times for an hour or two in preparing to receive him, but he did not come up to us. We may be plagued by raids, and I never lie down to sleep without a vague expectation of being waked by a "long-roll." Our outside forces are being gradually drawn into the fortifications, and engineers busy themselves in improving the defences and tearing down the batteries which our troops raised during the siege. You can form an idea of what labor these batteries cost, when I say that a large body of men have been constantly at work since the surrender in demolishing them, and they are not yet fully destroyed.

"The officers are rushing to New Orleans, and passes there are granted almost daily, of course. I cannot leave yet, but hope for a chance by-and-by. The trip is expensive, but it would hardly answer to be so long in Louisiana, and not visit its principal city, and I need several things which can be obtained only there."

"HEADQUARTERS 2D BRIGADE, 3D DIV.,
"PORT HUDSON, *Aug.* 13, 1863.

"My days all pass in nearly the same way. I turn out between 7 and 8 o'clock, and after breakfasting commence clearing away the business which accumulated the previous day. That takes the whole morning sometimes, and at others only an hour or two. Orders, letters, details, returns, etc., come in at intervals, and these are attended to immediately, or pigeon-holed for the next morning. I generally have the latter part of the afternoon and evening at my disposal, though even then some one is in my tent most of the time. I have secured a horse, not very handsome, but very easy, and with nice equipments he would appear fairly. It is too hot to ride much. When I go out with Colonel Peck, he gives me enough for a week, for he is a furious rider. He is in high spirits at present, having been presented with a watch and chain by the enlisted men of his regiment. The affair was creditable to both parties. The men contributed towards the present of their own accord, and even without the knowledge of the officers, and it shows that they appreciate the Colonel's efforts

to improve them. No previous commander ever treated them with his rigor; but no one has taken his care of them, and sought more earnestly to give them their dues and to make a good regiment out of them. My opinion of them has bettered tenfold. If they would only stop getting so beastly drunk at every opportunity for it, I would think still more of them.

"Our new Lieutenant-Colonel has appeared. There is opposition to him because he overslaughs the other officers and bars their promotion. But he seems a first-rate man to me. At the battle of Chancellorsville he captured a rebel captain, five privates, and a set of colors. He took the Captain in pugilistic style, knocking him down with a fist blow. He has intelligence and a good education, with his other gifts, and will make a far better field-officer than any of our Captains."

"*Aug. 17th.*

"The nucleus of the negro corps is stationed here, and the poor fellows do not stand soldier-life well. Their officers think their rations too high living for them. At all events, sickness prevails among them, and we hear muffled drums

and slow marches in their camps every day. At Baton Rouge I saw a very full regiment of them, and splendid-looking soldiers they were. Their dress-parades surpassed those of any white soldiers I ever witnessed. The great Seventh would be put to their mettle to compete with them."

"HEADQUARTERS 2D BRIGADE, 3D DIV.,
"PORT HUDSON, *Aug.* 19, 1863.

"The 19th Corps is being reorganized, for the purpose, I suppose, of active service. The 4th Wisconsin is detached from our brigade and transferred to cavalry duty. The 26th Connecticut takes its place. General Nickerson will command the division, and General McMillan the brigade. General McM. is expected to-morrow, and then Colonel Peck and, in all probability, his staff, including myself, will return to the regiment. I do not fancy the prospect, for my present position suits me well. There is nothing so pleasant as staff service. There has been a great deal to do in my department, but it is vastly preferable to drilling and disciplining a lot of stupid and stubborn men. I managed, too, to get a good riding horse, and it will be hard to

give him up and make my way on foot. I would ask nothing better from the Government than an Assistant Adjutant-Generalcy. I have little military ambition, for my tastes run in a different channel, and I care for promotion only as a token that I have done my duty, and because each rising rank decreases personal privation and adds a little to an officer's small pay. If retained on the staff, I shall be inclined to refuse the commission in the 146th, though I am not yet positive about that. There are many reasons why I prefer service in the army of the Potomac, besides the disagreeableness of my regiment to me. I would be nearer home, and could get there much more easily in case of sickness or wounds. Communication is more rapid and sure, and you can hardly imagine how substantial a favor this is to a soldier, and especially to one who has suffered, as I have, the miseries of delayed mails and lost letters, and never so much as of late. The army is better organized, and, probably, better disciplined there than here, and for that reason more agreeable. It is the grand army of the war, and when it strikes a blow, it is a hard one; and yet the risk run in it is less than with us, for statistics show that the proportion of casualties in our

comparatively small fights, exceeds those of their great battles, and our successes are hardly known outside of the Department. These may seem inconsiderable reasons, but every soldier deems them of account. Indeed, experience alone can give the slightest idea of soldier-life, and eminently of soldier-feeling. I thought I understood them before, but find that I was utterly mistaken. Both the hardships and the enjoyments differ from what I supposed. It amuses me when I sit down to eat or lie down to sleep, to think how such meals and beds would have revolted me at home, but they seem comfortable here, and often luxurious. Better fare would not come amiss, but I have become so wonted to it as to be always contented, save when sickness demands something better.

"We are expecting orders to move daily. General Franklin commands the corps, and is concentrating his troops at Baton Rouge."

"BATON ROUGE, *Aug.* 30, 1863.

"We left Port Hudson for this place a week ago, making an inhuman march of twenty-four miles in one burning hot day, and terribly using

up the men. Colonel Peck had no aide, and I was obliged to add this part to my other duties. I had had an immense amount of riding to do for the two preceding days, and was then kept on the go continually from one end of the division to the other. The heat and fatigue overpowered me, and I went to the hospital the day after our arrival. I am now well again.

"I received the commission in the 146th regiment on Thursday, and one in the 173d the day after. I elected to take the first, and forthwith sent in my application for discharge. It went through the division, and there I had to leave it. I cannot tell when I shall hear from it; it may be soon, and it may be weeks or months. I wish it had reached me a week earlier. It would then have passed on speedily; but now we are on the eve of a new campaign, and matters like mine are apt to be overlooked.

"We expect to move every instant, certainly within a week, and I write now not knowing when there will be another chance. We will probably go through the Tèche country again, though everything is secret. How can men be expected to march in such weather? But the army is in for it."

"NEAR BATON ROUGE, *Sept.* 2, 1863.

"My application for discharge for the purpose of accepting a commission in the 146th, has just returned from headquarters, 'disapproved, with leave to apply after the projected expedition is over.' The disappointment is great. I can't tell, of course, how long the expedition will last, and I do not know what the Colonel of the 146th will say about having a first lieutenancy vacant so long. I could have had a captaincy here, but am quite decided to take no promotion in this regiment."

Lieutenant Fowler's immediate surroundings were so distasteful to him, and there was so much in them offensive to his judgment and principles, and so little to encourage the hope of amendment, that his position in the 173d Regiment was a mortification and torment from the first, and though relieved at times by transient circumstances, the trial on the whole constantly increased. He longed for deliverance, and eagerly embraced the opportunity for it furnished by a commission, tendered by General Seymour, in the 146th Regiment, attached to the

Army of the Potomac. But though so troubled and disheartened, he never slighted duty, nor violated propriety. He did his utmost throughout, and commanded universal respect and regard.

The Rev. L. M. Birge, chaplain of the regiment, writes:

"BEFORE PORT HUDSON, *June* 21, 1863.

"As an officer your son has been very faithful, devoted to the interests of the company, and often and much in the command of it during this campaign, and under very trying circumstances. His conscientious discharge of all his duties, and uniform faithfulness, I have often noticed, and he is in striking contrast with *too many* of our officers, who will sacrifice everything to their own ease and pleasure. He is occasionally ill for a day or two, but seldom off duty. His regiment is now in the rifle-pits, where it is so exceedingly trying, and many have to give up and go to the rear. He has been out only once or twice for a night, and staid last night with one of the captains who has been unwell for some time. He is quite correct in his habits. As far as I know he

is not addicted to profanity, which is frightfully prevalent in the army, among officers and men. He never uses spirituous drinks except for medicinal purposes. The excesses and abuses we have seen among the officers of our own regiment have been sufficient to lead me to discard them, and I know that your son has never been guilty of dissipation. He has been regular, too, in attendance upon our religious services, and we were able to hold these most of the time while at Baton Rouge."

His Lieutenant-Colonel writes:—

"HEADQUARTERS SECOND CORPS, 173D N. Y. S. V.,
"BERWICK CITY, LA., *Sept.* 22, 1863.

"TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

"Unsolicited, I desire to say of Lieutenant William Fowler, who is about to join the 146th N. Y. S. V., that since my connection with this regiment, I have always found him to be an efficient and faithful officer, gaining at the same time the obedience and love of his command, and as a gentleman courteous in his deportment, and commanding respect from those who know him. In common with my fellow-officers, I am loth to lose him from the regiment, but do not hesitate

to take this method of cordially and cheerfully testifying to the worth in which he is held by myself and others with whom he has been brought into contact.

"He has my best wishes for his journey through life, whether he be connected with the army or not, and in leaving the regiment he carries with him my high esteem both as an officer and a man.

"Respectfully,

"W. M. GREEN, Jr.,

"Lieut.-Col. 173d N. Y. S. V., 19th A. C.,

"*Department of the Gulf.*"

The Colonel of the regiment expressed his opinion of the Lieutenant by placing him as aide on his staff immediately on taking command of the brigade, and by soon after appointing him Assistant Adjutant-General, and retaining him to the last. He writes, in answer to inquiries about his health, which it was feared had been seriously impaired: "Too ambitious, he has overworked a not very rugged constitution."

LIFE IN THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

To his great joy, after short but delightful visits to his relatives and friends in Utica, New York, and Boston, Lieutenant Fowler joined his new regiment in November, 1863, and kept up the full and frequent correspondence he had previously held with his family at home.

"WASHINGTON, D. C., *Nov.* 8, 1863.

"I reached here last night, having remained in New York much longer than I intended. There were so many old friends to see there that I hardly noted how time was passing. I had an exceedingly pleasant visit at Boston also. Aunt Louisa and Mr. (Homer) Bartlet were delighted to see me, and I was sorry to leave so soon. I haven't the least idea where the regiment is, for the army is moving and no one can tell its whereabouts. I am extremely anxious to get to it at once, but fear that the confusion attendant on the present movement may trouble and delay me."

"CAMP NEAR KELLY'S FORD, VA., *Nov.* 14.

"I did not mail or finish my letter at Wash-

ington. I left there Tuesday, and reached the regiment, after a deal of toil and a sixteen-mile march, on Thursday. I have not been mustered yet, owing to the absence of the mustering officer. I am very much pleased with the appearance of the regiment. It is finely disciplined, and the old men are finely drilled. There is a number of conscripts who mar the general look, but they will soon harmonize with the rest.

"It is too cold to write more, and I will give a detailed report of my proceedings hereafter. The regiment is in the Third Brigade, Second Division, Fifth Corps, and you can thus trace it by the papers."

"CAMP NEAR KELLY'S FORD, VA., *Nov.* 16, 1863.

"I took the Orange and Alexandria Railroad on Tuesday for Warrenton Junction, the farthest point to which the cars were running. Happily I was seated by two officers belonging to this corps, and we joined search for it. We reached the Junction at 3 P. M., and found the corps supply train about to leave. Nothing could have been luckier. Putting our baggage on one of the wagons, we set out, accompanied by a

guard of regulars. It was almost dark before we were fairly under way, and we went but a short distance when the officer in charge concluded that it was unsafe to proceed, and we turned back to the Junction. It was cold and windy, and the prospect for comfort quite unpromising. Fortunately, however, one of our party scouted about, and found an old friend in the Colonel who was superintending the construction of the road. So we marched to his tent, and took a good supper of roast beef and potatoes, and quartered on the floor. A train of workmen was to go in the morning as far as the road is completed, within a mile of Bealton, and we, of course, concluded to save as much walking as possible, and be carried with it. We saw how perfectly the rebels had broken up the road. Not a tie was left in its place, the rails were all bent, sometimes five or six were twisted around a tree; the 'cubs' were filled with brush, logs, and dirt, bridges were burned, and utter havoc wrought. We waited for our train at Bealton, and walked beside it to Rappahannock Station, the scene of the last fight. There we staid a couple of hours, and looked over the battle-field. It seems incredible that our army should have

been successful there with such trifling loss. The wide, open plain was fully commanded by the works which our men assailed, and it is wonderful that they were not 'wiped out' in the advance. We crossed the Rappahannock shortly after noon on a pontoon bridge, and trudged along in search of the corps, which we learned was lying near Kelly's Ford, passing numerous camps of the enemy, from which they fled after the Rappahannock Station affair. They had evidently gone into winter quarters, and expected a nice quiet time, and it must have aggravated their chagrin to be driven from such cosy huts. When the train 'parked,' I ascertained the direction of the camp, and shouldering my baggage, made for it, and was fortunate in reaching it, notwithstanding the trouble it cost. Everything turned out to help me.

"I am better and better pleased with my regiment daily. It is splendidly disciplined, equally so with the regulars right by us. The officers are fine fellows and understand their duty, and in all respects it is in exceedingly pleasant contrast with my former regiment. Our quarters consist of log cabins covered with shelter tents, and are so comfortable that we dislike the thought of leaving them.

"Continue to send the little sheets of paper and envelopes. My stock of stationery is low. I regret that I did not bring my valise with me, for officers have much more transportation than I supposed. I will send for it when we go into winter quarters. Just now we are kept ready to march at a moment's notice, and shall certainly move this week.

"Horrie (his brother) will be mustered in as captain of artillery this week, and expects to be ordered to Fortress Monroe."

The expedition, since known as the Mine Run, and anticipated in the foregoing letter, was fully described by Lieutenant Fowler, but his account of it has been mislaid or destroyed.

"CAMP NEAR BEALTON, VA., *Dec.* 17, 1863.

"We are having severe weather, rainy and cold, and the mud is appalling. There are no drills. For a day or two past I have had command of a fatigue detail, building courderoy roads. My squad were set to cutting timber and loading wagons, and it was amusing to see how little work a hundred men can do in a day.

Soldiers hate this duty above every other, and shirk it to the utmost. They do not mind keeping their axes going, provided they do little of the required cutting. A dozen get at a tree and hit away by the hour, trimming the branches with great nicety, and then carrying off the brush twig by twig or leaf by leaf. Half the number of hired laborers do twice the work in a quarter of the time.

"A happily uncommon, but sad event, occurred to-day. One of the regulars was shot for desertion. The whole division was drawn up in a large hollow square, two lines deep. The prisoner entered by an opening left on one side. A band preceded him, playing Pleyel's hymn, and mournfully enough it sounded. A coffin of rough boards was carried immediately behind the band, and then followed the poor fellow and a clergyman, with a guard at their rear. This procession marched to the slow, doleful music around the entire interior line of the square, and though pale, the prisoner stepped on as erect as if on parade. At the end of the distressing circuit, the coffin was put down by the side of a grave, and the man seated upon it, while the order of the Court Martial was read to each regiment.

His eyes were then bandaged, the firing party was drawn up before him, the signal given, and we saw the body fall before the sound of the volley reached our ears. Every band struck up Yankee Doodle at once, and the troops marched away in quick time, and to all appearances totally unaffected. One cannot imagine how a soldier can desert after such a spectacle, and yet six of a lot of conscripts in charge of one of our Captains, and placed in a particularly good position for seeing it, ran away while leaving the spot."

The correspondence between the date last given, and the close of March, has disappeared.

"HEADQUARTERS 3D BRIG., 2D DIV.,
"5TH A. C., *March* 28, 1864.

"I have been a little unwell, not enough so to keep me from duty, but sufficient to disincline me to letter-writing after that was done. Captain Durkee had fifteen days leave, and during his absence I acted as Inspector-General, making the usual monthly inspection of the brigade, and drawing up all the reports. Durkee had hardly returned, when Captain Mervine, our Assistant

Adjutant-General, got a leave, and I am filling his place, and this keeps me constantly in the office. Orders and communications come in every hour of the day, and I have to be always ready for them. Mervine is one of the sort that attend to everything themselves. During the whole of our stay here, I hardly believe he has ever seen the camps of the different regiments, but has sat steadily at his desk from morning till night. Of course I must be as constant as he.

"The first circumstance of importance since my writing, was the apprehended raid of Stuart's cavalry. We had a 'bad scare' at that. Forty cars and three engines were kept at the station ready to start. Orders and telegrams flew about in flocks, rumors of every kind poured in, pickets were strengthened, and all were on the *qui vive* for an attack or for summons to support others attacked. Nothing came of it, however, and we are living in quietness again.

"A later excitement is the re-organization of the army. Our corps is to maintain its own, and have additions from the First. The changes in divisions and brigades are not yet decided.

"I have been interrupted by orders concerning this matter. The regulars and our brigade are

consolidated under General Ayres, and the 1st Brigade, 1st Division, 5th Corps. The division is placed under General Griffin, and General Warren is at the head of the corps. This sends Colonel Jenkins to his regiment, and I go with him, and foot it during the coming campaigns. Everyone is pleased with the arrangement, and it secures us splendid commanders. Troops are crowding into the army. Train after train is loaded with them every day. Just now five rolled towards the front crammed to almost bursting. The 11th and 12th Corps are reported at Alexandria, and rumor has it that the 9th is to join us with them. General Grant seems determined that no lack of force shall keep him out of Richmond.

"I was highly gratified to notice in the papers that Horrie was one of only a few officers in his regiment who successfully passed the examination. I have no doubt that he will rise rapidly.

"Enclosed is a sketch of our present brigade headquarters. The second tent from the right is mine. The entrance is evergreen work, and the whole is so handsome that we are very proud of it."

"BATTLE-FIELD, WILDERNESS, VA.,
"*May* 10, 1864.

"I wrote after our first day's fight, announcing my safety. We have been engaged more or less ever since, but our regiment has lost only a few men. We are completely used up, officers and men being overpowered by fatigue and excitement. To-day the crowning conflict is going on. Nothing can convey to you a conception of the terrible encounter. We were relieved this A.M., unable to do anything more until our strength is recruited. Fresh troops are engaged, and we feel sanguine of success. We must gain it, however, at dreadful expense. The fighting is mostly infantry, and therefore more deadly. We have lost no officer since the first battle. Have been in some exceedingly tight places, and the regiment has acquitted itself grandly. The strain is intense and wearing. All of us have grown a year older during the week. To-day, I hope, decides the contest.

"No news from our missing officers."

"NEAR GAINES MILLS, VA., *May* 31, 1864.

"Your welcome letter just received. How

little friends at home know our valuation of one! We long for the mail, and if it brings us anything we are twice as good fighting material as before.

"We have come to within eleven miles of Richmond. General Grant's flanking operations proved an eminent success. We have passed the strong defences on the North and South Anna rivers with but little struggling. The first-named was the scene of the last action in which our regiment took part. We crossed the river, without scarcely the show of opposition, at Jericho bridge, or rather ford, for we waded. Forming line, then we advanced, meeting none but skirmishers; and, taking a favorable position, we began to throw up rifle-pits at about 5 P.M. The pioneers were chopping merrily in front, when a roll of musketry suddenly commenced and rapidly came towards us. The pioneers ran with amusing rapidity, bullets whistled, and in came our skirmishers pell-mell, with a couple of lines of rebels after them, and we went to work loading and firing, at first lying down, and then kneeling, and finally standing up. It was more than flesh and blood could stand, and, after severe loss, the 'Johnnies' precipitately retreated. But they tried us once more, and yet with the same result.

It pleased us mightily to return them the task they had so plentifully supplied us with in times before. We had them at an advantage, though our works helped us, and we lost only twelve men. They were more successful at first on our extreme right, assailing the 4th Division before it was formed, and breaking it, of course, and inflicting considerable damage. A battery, however, was soon brought into play, and this drove them quickly back. Trees were riddled, and a large number of the rebel dead were left on the ground before us. The prisoners acknowledged a heavy loss, and General Meade sent the corps a complimentary order. We reached this place, after hard marching, on Sunday, passing again around the right of Lee's army. Yesterday our division, with supports, set out on a reconnoisance towards Richmond, slowly feeling our way along, and perpetually skirmishing. My brigade halted, and in column by regiments was throwing up little defences against the shells, when we were hurried out and drawn up at right angles to our former line, and learned that the enemy were making a heavy demonstration on our flanks. The musketry at the left was already violent, and, urged on by it, the men threw up a rifle-pit

of rails with marvelous rapidity—Aladdin could not have raised a house quicker. But after all, we did not get engaged. The rebels were repulsed with a large loss on the left, and there was little more than skirmishing in our front. We are still in last night's pits. Little or no firing is going on. We may be started out any moment, and I write most hurriedly. We expect hard times, as we close in on Richmond, but are bound to take the city.

"If any more of my letters are published, please suppress my name. Composed as they must be, their style will not bear criticism. The more frequently I am written to the better, and ask all who write to enclose a tissue envelope and sheet of paper."

"NEAR COAL HARBOR, VA., *June* 5, 1864.

"I have only this scrap of paper, and must be brief. Through Captain Mervine I have received detail as A. D. C. to General Griffin, and am now acting in this capacity. General Ledlie also sent for me, but I found that I could not be detailed out of my division. Application has been made at Washington by the latter, Captain Mervine

says, for my appointment as As. Ad.-Gen., but it is doubtful whether that can be obtained.

"*Always* send paper and envelopes when you write.

"During the past week there has been heavy fighting, and, indeed, ever since we crossed the Pamunkey, May 28th, there has been scarcely a single quiet day. Some part of the line gets sharply engaged daily. The last action in which we took part occurred on the 2d inst. The brigade was changing position, when the pickets on our right were scared, and ran in prematurely. The line of battle on the right had left sometime previously, and the rebels poured in on our flank, taking us entirely unprepared while we were marching in column. We hastily formed line, and took possession of some works near, but were completely enfiladed and compelled to fly. We rallied the men once, but it was a mere sacrifice of life, and the order to fall back was given, followed by the 'tallest running' on record. But the men behaved well. None of them were panic-struck, and most of them treated the matter as a joke. My regiment lost sixty men and one officer—many of them prisoners, I hope. The enemy were mixed in with us, and I saw one of their

color-bearers shot dead scarcely thirty feet away from me. It was a repetition of the affair of May 5th, and, considering our numbers, almost as serious. Last night our corps changed position again, and we are now in reserve near Coal Harbor."

"3 A. M., *June* 6.

"Orders to move just received. We start for the Chickahominy, about three miles off. A change has been made which takes my brigade out of this division, and I am very sorry for it.

"The best accounts of our movements are contained in the *Army and Navy Journal* and *New York Times*. The *Herald* is very inaccurate. None are exact, of course, but the two papers I have mentioned publish very good letters. They give General Crawford too much credit for the North Anna fight, the whole brunt of which was borne by General Griffin, and no part of his line yielded for a second."

"NEAR SUMNER'S BRIDGE,
"CHICKAHOMINY RIVER, *June* 7, 1864.

"We moved at 3:30 this A. M. to the left of our lines, and have established our pickets on the

banks of this celebrated stream, which is about a half mile from our headquarters. A number of shell have been thrown at us, but harmlessly. There is said to be an immense rifled gun on the railroad track. We have one of the shell, seven inches in diameter and fifteen or twenty long—rather an unpleasant object. Have been in the saddle most of the day, and am too tired to write. Please send me, by mail, a red flannel collar. I wear fourteen and a half.

"SUMNER'S FORD, CHICKAHOMINY RIVER,
"*June* 9, 1864.

"On Sunday night we moved from Bethesda Church, marching about five miles and taking all night for it, and camped on the Coal Harbor road. I anticipated trouble, and am astonished that we encountered none. The enemy seemed to have wind of the movement, and kept pressing our picket line very disagreeably. We passed three or four hours of intense anxiety, but happily were let off quietly. On Monday morning we came to our present position. You can see it on any map. The left of the command rests at the railway bridge across the Chickahominy, and our headquarters are two miles

above at the Tyler House, and we are about fourteen miles from Richmond. General Sumner had his headquarters in the same house during the Peninsular campaign. The old telegraph wire still hangs to the trees, remnants of courderoy roads, built then, lie about, and here and there we cross the graves of poor fellows killed in the skirmishes.

"Three deserters came into our lines yesterday, from whom we learned that the enemy have twenty pieces of artillery planted opposite us, and indeed they yesterday gave tokens of themselves, throwing their shells into unpleasant proximity to our tents, killing and wounding seven men with one shot, and setting the old woman who lives in the house crazy with fright. The right bank of the river is lined with artillery from here to the railroad bridge, where are a fort and a railway monitor, the latter a sixty-four-pounder, mounted on a car and sheeted with four-inch plating. We have erected a barricade on the track close to the bridge, and have a couple of sharpshooters with telescopic rifles in it. I went there yesterday and took a good view of the 'Johnnies,' and of their fort. The sharpshooters on both sides were too busy, however,

to render a long stay profitable or agreeable, and I left with the light stepping of a man when bullets fly at his rear.

"We live luxuriously. Hot biscuit, canned vegetables, etc., etc., grace our board constantly. I mess with the General, Captain Mervine, and the other aide. The General is very genial for the most part, but exceedingly cross at times, when out of sorts. He is fond of a hearty laugh, and very sociable with his staff. We used to think him reckless of his men, but I have learned how different the truth is. I have never met an officer so pained by losses and so averse to unnecessary risks. In an emergency he reaches his decisions instantaneously, and does not hesitate to carry them out. Artillery is his pet, of course, and probably no one in the army can use it with so much effect. His freedom of speech provokes hostility, and undoubtedly blocks his promotion, but I shall be greatly mistaken if, in spite of this, he does not attain to another star before the present campaign ends.

"My paper is exhausted, and I cannot write more. Let every correspondent contribute a sheet of paper and an envelope."

"WILCOX'S LANDING, JAMES RIVER,
" *June* 15, 1864.

"You cannot have received all my letters. I always write at the close of an engagement, and never let a week pass without mailing something.

"We had a little fighting on the Chickahominy. A few shell were thrown at us, but slight damage done. Nearly five days of almost unbroken rest passed, and most acceptable they were. At 8 P. M. Sunday (June 12), we started for Long Bridge, getting off without losing even a picket. After a toilsome night, we crossed the Chickahominy, and bivouacked three or four miles this side of it. General Wilson's cavalry had a brush in front of us, and a brigade of General Crawford's division went to their support. Nothing of consequence happened, however, and we lay until dusk, when we arose and followed a wagon-train, which was continually getting stuck and wearing out our patience, while the night's work was wearing out our strength. We struck the Charles City road, and traveled it in a south-easterly course, reaching Nance's Mills about three o'clock on the morn-

ing of the 14th. There we stopped three hours, and then pushed on to Charles City Court House, and thence to this location, where we arrived during the same day. We have our head-quarters in a beautiful yard belonging to Dr. Wilcox. The James is two miles distant, and transports are ferrying our troops across. It is charming to look at the steamers sailing about. The peaceful craft inspire a feeling of security, and one forgets the war and enjoys the quiet of home. Last night I had a sound sleep, the first in forty-eight hours, and if the rest of the division were favored the same way, they are 'admirably refreshed.' You cannot imagine how exhausting night-marching is, and we have had a great deal of it. It tells most just after midnight, and then the entire of what little mind is left must be concentrated upon keeping the saddle. My head is sometimes so light and dizzy that only with the greatest difficulty have I stuck to the horse's back and kept away from his heels. A sleep afterwards is so sweet that the suffering is hardly regretted."

"*June* 19.

"I was interrupted in my writing, and have

had no opportunity since to resume it. We moved again at 4 A. M. of the 16th, crossed the river and marched for Petersburg. We halted four miles from the city at midnight, the 18th. Part of the Ninth Corps were ahead of us, and had taken the advanced line of works, which were exceedingly strong, evidently built some time ago, and with great care. I have seen nothing equal to them since I entered the service. The negroes charged at this point grandly. We were ordered up on the 17th to support the Ninth Corps, which was to advance against a second line. I rode to the front with General Griffin, and looked over the ground. We could see the spires of Petersburg, within long rifle cannon range. Burnside's assault was partially successful, and we were not therefore called in. I was very tired at night, and slept soundly, though slightly disturbed for awhile by another assault made by our troops. Yesterday (18th) our corps went forward to press the enemy, passing the last lines from which they were driven. Their dead lay in heaps, four on each other at one spot which I noticed. They evidently lost largely and the scene realized the worst description of a battle-field. Our own dead were scattered about, too,

in great numbers, there not having been time to bury them. We moved to the left, and massed at a point in the woods held by the rebels the day before. There their dead lay likewise, most of them killed by our artillery, which scarred every tree in the woods. General Crawford was on our right, and General Ayres and General Cutler on our left. Skirmishers were pushed out, the artillery put in position, and the battle opened. General Griffin rode, as usual, to the very front, urging on the skirmishers and directing the batteries. The fire from muskets and cannons was very sharp, and I expected every moment that some of us would catch it. Away went the General, however, and I ground my teeth and followed, feeling like one of his brigade commanders for whom he had sent, and who, when I gave him a message, said: 'Tell General Griffin, when you can, that I don't like skirmishing with him, and would rather be with him on any other occasion.' We finally pushed the rebels back to their works beyond the Norfolk and Petersburg Railroad. At three o'clock the order was to attack, and our division advanced splendidly, and went to within sixty feet of the redouts; but General Crawford's men did

not support us well on the right, and we were obliged to fall back a short distance. Our loss was heavy, especially in officers. Another attack was to have been made at dusk, but news from Army Headquarters stopped it.

"At our arrival only a small force confronted us, but I fear that Lee's main army has been brought here now. We gained much ground yesterday, but not enough to pay for our losses, unless the rebels suffered equally.

"Will you order a pair of boots from Cantwell —top boots, like those he made me before, with the legs rather stiffer and the feet quite light, and if there is any way of getting them to me immediately I would like it, for I am badly off for foot gear. I also need a new suit—sack coat, and dark blue pants, without cord on the seams, light for summer wear, and not in zouave style. We have not been paid off yet, but hope for the greenbacks and also for rest to use them."

"NEAR PETERSBURG,
"*June* 20, 1864.

"At the present moment I am comfortably ensconced in a wall tent, pitying the poor fellows in front, who are keeping up the most outrageous

fusilade I ever heard from pickets. Here is the great advantage of division staff service, that after the troops are established on the line, you can go to what, for the field, are comfortable quarters, out of rifle-range, and have a quiet time. It is in marked contrast with living, as I have so long lived, always in the dust and dirt, and most of the time unable to stand erect, from fear of bullets aimed at your head.

"Day before yesterday, this division was hotly engaged pressing the rebels up to their last line of works, and assaulting them. We succeeded in the first, but failed in the last. Had General Crawford advanced with us, as his duty was, we would have gone into their lines without a doubt. I am afraid that our not entering Petersburg has been a great misfortune. When we first appeared before it, everything indicated that a small force held it. Now it looks as if Lee was in it with his main army. He may have been within supporting distance at the beginning, but we certainly met none of his army during the first two days' battling, and I am greatly disheartened because our attacks were not more vigorous. One thing I know from personal observation, and that is, that General

Griffin pushed his division with the utmost vim, that it achieved its purpose more nearly than any other, and that the slaughter of our 800 men would not have been so far a waste had other commanders acted as effectively. He is a war-horse, and my idea that division staff duty is safer than line duty during engagements, is wholly dispelled. I never got under heavier fire, both of musketry and artillery, than on Saturday last. The right of our line charged up to within twenty yards of the rebels, who began to limber up their guns, but want of connection compelled us to fall back, and want of co-operation lost us a position which we ought to have won. Some other flank movement will probably be tried, but I hardly see with what good hope, if made to our left as heretofore, and the difficulties are quite as great at the right.

"Mother writes that you (his brother) are still at Yorktown, which has relieved me of a deal of anxiety. Don't long for fighting. You are doing quite as valuable service now, and the man who is bent on battle, is reckoned, by sensible people, more of a donkey than a hero. I wish I was quit of them, and I find the feeling shared by all around me from generals to privates."

"NEAR PETERSBURG, VA.,
"*June* 22, 1864.

"I am writing in the country cottage of Mr. Cheesman, one of the wealthiest citizens of Petersburg. Our division took a new position yesterday to the left, and other corps moved in such a way as foretokens another attempt to turn the rebel right. The works before us are very strong, and it seems impossible to carry them by storm. I keep mourning over Saturday's failure, for I never counted more upon success, and it was only the gross want of energy on the part of some of our commanders that thwarted us.

"Our present line is 500 yards from the rebel front, an open plain intervening, and everything is plainly visible. The general direction of our corps is north-east. The Ninth is on our right, and the Second and Sixth on our left. Our headquarters are the best we have yet had, and I sit here almost as comfortable as at home. We have cleared up the house, removing the shattered glass and furniture, which our vandal cavalry broke and scattered, and have a carpeted room, with elegant mahogany furniture, a spring bed, and other like articles, while nothing but the occa-

sional booming of cannon reminds us of our real business. There is an immense difference, I assure you, between staff and line duty. The former imposes more responsibility and harder work at times, but it is compensated by greater comforts.

"You inquired about Theodore Bailey's (a young townsman killed in the Wilderness) baggage. It is, I presume, in the Government storehouses at Alexandria, where ours, at least, was put."

"PETERSBURG, VA.,
"*June* 29, 1864.

"Heat reigns triumphant, the thermometer marking 100° in the shade. The idea of marching or fighting is preposterous, and we lounge about in costumes anything but befitting a General of division and his staff. We have rigged up a fan, four feet square, which hangs from the ceiling, and the least lazy may be seen any time swinging it back and forth by a long rope, while the rest lie around enjoying the breeze. The men in the rifle-pits sit in the deep holes they have dug, catching all sorts of disease. Just outside of them are the pickets, who have

thrown up brush shelters, and amuse themselves by talking with the pickets on the other side. A compact has been formed between them, according to which they shout before firing, 'Hi! Yanks, or Rebs, look out for your ogles!' Secure in this unwritten truce, the men dawdle about, and are as pleasant and friendly as if it was not their business to kill each other. It is singular that this compact on our immediate line was proposed by a rebel sharpshooter, from his post behind the chimney of a burned house, who had done more execution than any of his comrades, and who just before mortally wounded one of our officers. This pacific arrangement is particularly acceptable to us of the staff, for visiting the lines is a perilous enterprise. Your horse must be left well out of range, and taking to your feet, you must dodge from tree to tree, double-quicking it across open spaces, and crawling through ditches, and continually warned to keep low by the whisk of bullets, and furnishing amusement to all lookers-on, who, safe behind their breastworks, always enjoy the manœuvres of the unhappy wight who is seeking cover. I went up to my regiment the other day. It lies on open ground so covered by

rebel sharpshooters that it has been necessary to dig regular approaches from the woods to our works. Ignorant of the risk, I started from the woods for the works in an upright, strictly military carriage, though the numerous ditches looked suspiciously to me at the time. 'Zif! zif!' the bullets came instantly, and instead of flying high, as is usual with stray shot, they struck low, showing unmistakably that they were aimed at my particular person. I ducked my head quickly, and obeying the kindly shouts to 'keep low,' issuing from grinning mouths in the breastworks, I scrambled, without regard to dignity, into the nearest ditch, and made rapid tracks for the hole in which the officers quartered. Soldiers get so used to minnies that a close shave is a laughing matter, and they dip and dodge, covering themselves as much as possible, but with a smile on their faces, and looking as if peas were pelting them instead of lead. Even the shelling, which formerly shook them terribly, is taken with composure, and speculation is indulged about the accuracy of the range and the course of the shot, as if target practice was being watched. They dread an assault, and no wonder. We have so seldom gained by it, and

have lost so enormously, that they could not be expected to go into it calmly.

"All signs point to protracted quiet. Sutlers are allowed to come up, and the division purveyor has opened his tent near headquarters.

"I had a note from Horrie last night. He seems to have been a little sick, and I am afraid the poor fellow's fare in the army is far worse than mine. Indeed, I can complain of nothing. But for incessant alarms, we should be perfectly comfortable here.

"Tell mother that I am glad she sent the flannel suit. I had forgotten about it. How was it forwarded—together with the other articles?

"Can you not make me a nice First Division, Fifth Corps badge?—a red velvet Maltese cross, of the size and figure drawn below."

"NEAR PETERSBURG, VA.,
" *July* 3, 1864.

"It is a question with officers how they shall live. The tax on our pay is increased two per cent., and our servants' pay is entirely deducted. The last item alone costs me $28 monthly, and our commissary stores have more than doubled in

price. The one article of beef has risen from five to seventeen cents per pound.

"Generals Wilson and Kauts were badly whipped on returning from their late raid. The papers gloss it over, as they did the Second Corps' mishap. And yet they succeeded admirably in their main object, and this counterbalances everything else.

"Captain Mervine is in the best of health and spirits. I can hardly count the favors, great and small, for which I am indebted to him.

"I learn that my old college chum, Ogden, was killed in Sheridan's late raid. He was Adjutant of the First U. S. Cavalry, and bore the highest character. I have seen Twitchell (a Yale friend, and then chaplain; now of Hartford, Ct.) His term of service has nearly or quite expired. I also saw John Younglove (a physician, now in Elizabeth, N. J., then of Utica). He is a surgeon in Twitchell's regiment; and I was not a little astonished to-day, as I was riding along from headquarters, to be hailed by a stout-looking private, who turned out to be Goeble, who was organ-blower for Mr. Shaw. He is in the 117th, and likes soldier life, and certainly thrives on it."

"NEAR PETERSBURG, VA.,
"*July* 10, 1864.

"We are straightening our lines and throwing up new works. This attracts the enemy's notice, and their cannon send us protests. Last night these came at half-hour intervals, and much more frequently during the day. A few wounded comprise the casualties. There has been no musketry in front, except last night, when General Crawford received one or two vollies, given probably on account of deserters. General Ewell's corps has gone to Maryland, I think—at least the reports of deserters are unanimous to this effect. Longstreet is here yet, for two of his men, from Anderson's Division, came into our lines this morning. There seems to be great trouble in Pennsylvania in determining who of the enemy are there, and it appears strange to us that no definite information on the subject has been yet obtained. Were they in their own country, their force ought to be known, and still more in the midst of ours.

"We are suffering from want of rain. Showers have fallen around, but shunned us. It is a little cooler to-day, but the dust is suffocating. A

half-hour's ride in the sun is enough to put one *hors du combat*.

"Tell Mrs. Walker that I am much obliged by her promise of a dinner, and still more for her good opinion in thinking me deserving of it. The time may come when I shall give her the opportunity to féte me."

"NEAR PETERSBURG, VA.,
"*July* 21, 1864.

"We fear an attack to-day, and are poorly prepared for it in front. Our left has been moved, and the line so changed as to expose us, and we have more work than can be done in time. If we weather the night the ship is safe. The Second Corps have left their works, and are massed ready for action anywhere, and if the rebels gain an advantage, it can be only temporary. Deserters tell us that they are so short of rations, that they must fight soon or starve. Ewell's corps is probably the one gone on the Northern raid. If only our arrangements can be perfected, it is all we ask. Any attack can then be easily repulsed from the front, and we are now ready in the rear."

"CAMP NEAR PETERSBURG, VA.,
"*August* 1, 1864.

"I have been quite sick for four days. The unusual exertion to which I was put in the hot sun on the 30th ult., so tried me that I thought myself down for a siege of fever. But I am much better to-day, though weak, which, I observe, is visible from my handwriting.

"You have heard of the fiasco on the 30th. All the division commanders were summoned to Corps Headquarters on the night of the 29th, and Burnside's project was laid before them. Watches were timed, ammunition ordered up, and everything arranged. The mine was to be sprung at 3:30 the next morning, and the breach assailed by a strong column. This division was to take no part in the affair, except to keep up a heavy musketry and artillery fire on the front. We went to the pits at the appointed time, and looked eagerly for the explosion. It did not come off, however, and the delay continued so long, that we became very nervous. But between four and five, a shout, 'There it goes,' brought us up at a spring, and just in time to see masses of earth and dust fly into the air with a

dull, heavy 'thud'-like report. Every gun, mortar, and rifle along our whole line opened immediately, showing splendid practice, and soon the assaulting column started forward with a cheer, and occupied and held the breach without apparent difficulty. We could not distinguish the movements afterwards, but our men seemed to hold the ground, and we returned to a bomb-proof, congratulating ourselves that Petersburg was at length certainly taken. Soon, however, word came that the enemy had charged and occupied a part of their old works, and examination demonstrated that this was too true. We were still confident that we had more than men enough to recover it, and felt little concern; but by afternoon, the rebels, in some unaccountable way, had driven our troops entirely back into our lines, taking many prisoners. We could hardly credit our eyes, but there was the fact staring us in the face.

"The enterprise was finely conceived. A movement of the 2d Corps across the river, drew away, it is said, the bulk of the rebels, and few remained to resist us, but these few were enough to repel us. The fault is not laid at the doors of the men, and rumor has it that certain

prominent heads must fall. Burnside and Meade are chiefly blamed, though everybody is cautious in uttering his thoughts. These words of mine might provoke dismissal.

"I rode to City Point two days ago, and saw Will Spencer (his cousin) at the N. Y. S. C. C. He had been sick, but fast convalescing. Dick Lincoln (son of Rev. Dr. T. O. Lincoln) called on me and wished to be especially remembered to the family."

"CAMP AT YELLOW TAVERN, VA.,
"*August* 22, 1864.

"We have had two days of severe fighting since I wrote last, and there is no chance now to give more than a bare outline of it, and assure you of my safety. We were startled from our quiet at 4 P.M., the 19th inst., by heavy musketry far to our right, and directed against the pickets of the 9th Corps, part of which was coming up to our right, and it soon extended to the left. We started for the front, and hardly got there, when the enemy struck General Crawford's line and broke through. They came out of the woods in front of us, and went sweeping down the line towards the left, gathering numbers

of prisoners. It was several minutes before I could believe that it was a rebel column, and not until I saw their fire was I sure of it. General Griffin opened a couple of batteries upon them, completely enfilading them and scattering them in every direction. They tumbled back into the woods, letting most of the prisoners taken from the 2d Division of this corps escape. They manœuvred magnificently, and nothing but our artillery saved us from being swept away. Meanwhile, the 1st Division, 9th Corps, held them well on the left. It was struck while coming into line, but nevertheless stood its ground and drove the assailants back. The prisoners from General Crawford's division, nearly, if not quite, 2,000, were secured by the enemy. General Wilcox's division of 9th Corps was in reserve, and went in, and after the debris of General Crawford's was collected, that too advanced. The 2d Division (General Ayres) which fell back, of course, when the rebels struck their right, moved up also, supported by a brigade of our division, and by dark we held our original position almost everywhere. Matters wore a serious aspect for a time, but we triumphed finally. That night and the following day passed quietly

We were aroused early yesterday morning by musketry in front of this division, which guards the left of the corps. In a moment, 'whish' went the shell over our headquarters, and it became evident that the enemy was trying a flank movement. 'Saddle up' and 'pack up' were shouted out, and these operations were quickly performed under a fearful artillery fire. We rode to the right of our division, and before long the enemy appeared in two lines of battle, the first having moved by the flank along a ravine before us and then formed, and the second marching directly out of the woods. Our division was echeloned with General Butler's, his left being one hundred yards or more in advance of our right, in this manner (a diagram is here drawn in the original). The ravine, up which the first rebel line moved, is represented by the dotted line. They evidently supposed that they had struck our extreme left, and came confidently on. But they found themselves fearfully mistaken, for a terrible fire of infantry and artillery poured upon them, the latter planting their shot most handsomely. In five minutes they broke, and the men in the ravine raised white flags. General Griffin sent me to bring them in. I had hardly reached the ravine,

when our men re-opened fire, and I made rapid tracks back. The rascals were re-forming and trying to escape. Many succeeded, but General Cutler cut off others, who were brought in, and still more had to come in without being brought. We bagged five or six hundred men and thirty or forty officers, ranking from colonel down, and inflicting a heavy loss in killed and wounded. Our casualties are small. A prettier fight I never saw. Jericho Ford came nearest to it, but we had not so fair a sight there, neither did we take as many prisoners. I have seldom been so excited, and would not have missed the action for anything. Prisoners report that Lee issued an order that he would have the railway by sunset, cost what it might, but he has not dislodged us yet."

"YELLOW TAVERN, VA.,
"*August* 23, 1864.

"I wrote about Captain Mervine's death as soon as I heard of it, giving the few particulars I had learned. His remains must have reached Utica. We miss him sadly, and it is fortunate for us that there is so much to occupy us and keep his loss out of mind.

"The enemy have made no demonstrations since their disastrous repulse on the 21st. Yesterday their pickets were withdrawn from our front, and we have the impression that the entire body has fallen back to their line around Petersburg. Possibly they will assault there, but, with the least bravery, we must repel them. There has been some cannonading on our old line at various times to-day, and while I write, I hear the distant sound of artillery. This Weldon Railroad is of great value to them, being the shortest course of supply for their army, and it seems unlikely that they will abandon it without another struggle for it. It has cost us bloody fighting to keep it, and once, at least, the result was dubious. Now we are deeply planted, and it must be a hard and expensive job to pull us up. The battle of the 21st was joyous to our men. Every face beamed with smiles, and no one thought of bullets or shell. The rebels came out bravely too, and stood like men, when our artillery was ploughing through their ranks. No soldiers could have stood it longer and better. They gave us, too, a fierce artillery fire, as violent as I was ever under, and part of it perfectly enfiladed our lines; still we suffered slightly, and not a man flinched.

"We have been having heavy rains, and the roads are dreadful. Scarcely one of us has been dry for a week past. I started with a bad cold, but wetting cured me."

"YELLOW TAVERN, VA.,
"*August* 26, 1864.

"I am sorry that anything has been said about my promotion. I am likely to have it anyway, and I dislike to ride over the heads of regimental officers, whose privilege it is to recommend for this. My staff position alone can interfere with it, and that is always equal to one or two grades in rank, because so much more is learned of the mode in which troops are fought and the war carried on, and because the hardships are less, at least when no engagement is in progress. Moreover, General Casey, at Washington, has applied for me as Aide and Ordnance Officer, and the place has so many advantages, that I quite covet it."

"*August* 28, 1864.

"Every night we get what General Griffin calls 'stampede orders.' Division commanders are required to 'be in readiness for immediate

action,' and such directions have become matters for merriment. We are perpetually anxious, of course, and a picket shot startles us, however soundly we may be sleeping. The General takes things much more coolly than his staff, but when aroused, something is certainly up. It is a sight to look at him in action. He has a marvelously quick eye and apprehension, and in critical moments, everyone, high and low, defers to him. I have seen him twist General Warren right around, and manage to suit himself even when he had no command. He is not choice at such times in expressions to his superiors, but blurts out what he thinks, just as he thinks it. This makes him enemies among prominent men, but if there was a vacancy there, the vote of the soldiers would put him over every one in command of the corps."

"HEADQUARTERS 1ST DIVISION, 5TH A. C.

"You have heard of the death of Buckingham (a young Utica friend). The poor fellow was wounded in the Wilderness, his first battle, and had returned to the regiment only three days ago, and been mustered as First Lieutenant. Yesterday he went on picket. A cessation of

shot had been agreed upon at the suggestion of the rebels, and during it, he went out to meet a few of their officers and exchange papers. As he returned, some treacherous rascals fired, wounding him mortally, and slightly wounding an officer who accompanied him. He died in the afternoon, an hour after I saw him. One can see men wounded and killed in the heat of action without noticing them, even if they be personal friends, but it is very different when all is quiet. No battle-field hardens the sensibilities to such sights when there is no distraction from flying balls, and no engrossment with responsibility and solicitude.

"General Casey's application for me has passed up to General Hallock, who approves, 'provided General Casey has a right to him.' The idea of soldiering in Washington is rather amusing. I cannot tell how I shall play the role, but fear that field service has roughened me too much for polite society. I shall be in danger of putting my knife into the butter-plate, and eating with it, and showing unusual haste at meals, and grabbing food, and such like *faux pas* and misdemeanors."

"HEADQUARTERS MAJOR-GEN. SILAS CASEY,
"WASHINGTON, D. C., *Sept.* 20, 1864.

"I reported to General Casey last Saturday, and with going about the city and arranging for my quarters, I have had no leisure to write until now. Captain E. P. Halsted (a Utica friend, now of Worcester, Mass.) and I have nice rooms at 460 12th Street, and share them with each other. My duties will be very light, while my pay is nearly $200 a month, enough to keep me going even in times like these. Halsted has been exceedingly kind. I am indebted to him for everything, and at present even for the clothes I wear.

"I saw Uncle Webster and Aunt Sarah here yesterday, and what a pleasant surprise it was. I have also met other friends and several classmates, and have greatly enjoyed it, of course."

"HEADQUARTERS PROVISIONAL BRIGADES,
"WASHINGTON, D. C., *Oct.* 21, 1864.

"General Griffin has come to Washington, and wishes me back on his staff. I supposed that there would be enough to do here to justify my leaving the field, after my long and hard service in it, but the place is almost a sinecure, and I have felt

meanly about it, and as if I was a 'beat.' To draw good pay, and make poor returns, is not a fair and comfortable operation, and to live in Washington, with no good reason for it, and wear a uniform, galls one's sense of propriety and right. All my inclinations dispose me to go with General Griffin, who offers me a permanency on his staff, and is urgent that I should take it. Nothing creates the least hesitation but my leaving this post so soon after Halsted's effort to put me in it and his and General Casey's great kindness since I have held it.

"Before I left the field, Major Grindley came to see me, and inquired whether it would prejudice me in my position on General Griffin's staff, if he sent up my name for promotion, and on my replying that it would not, he said that he would immediately forward the application, and mail the commission to my present address."

"WASHINGTON, D. C.,
"*Oct.* 25, 1864.

"General Griffin was telegraphed for last evening, and is anxious that I should go with him. General Casey has consented, and I start to-day. I am glad of this, for it is mortifying and chafing

to be doing so little as devolves upon me here, and I long to contribute somewhat to the grand finale. The pending movement promises to finish the campaign; so look out for news. This must be kept private, however."

"WASHINGTON, *Dec.* 5, 1864.

"My Captain's commission has come to hand, and I shall go to the field permanently as soon as possible. General Griffin telegraphs that he needs me now. I shall apply to General Casey for permission to go down to-morrow and stay awhile, and then return to settle my affairs. The 6th Corps has been passing through here for two days, and this, with General Griffin's telegram, leads me to believe that the army is to demonstrate at once. I hope to be there in time to take part in what shall go on."

"WASHINGTON, D. C.,
"*Dec.* 7, 1864.

"I thought best, on the whole, to stay here long enough to settle my business. I have applied to be relieved of my present duty, and look for orders to-morrow or next day. General Casey

wishes to keep me, and has proposed to have me mustered as Captain here, by an order he will get from the War Department, but I do not feel at liberty to accede to it. We are to have a photograph taken this morning, of the General and his staff.

"The paymasters have suspended, and we cannot learn when they will resume. There is suffering among detached officers in consequence.

"It is rumored that the 5th Corps goes to North Carolina, but I doubt it. They received orders yesterday, I hear, to move at daylight for parts unknown."

"WASHINGTON, D. C.,
"*Dec.* 14, 1864.

"The order relieving me from duty with Gen. Casey, and sending me to join my regiment, came in last night, and I leave for the front day after tomorrow. The endorsement on the back of my application for it directs General Casey to inform me that after I join my regiment and I am mustered, I am to 'remain on duty with my company.' This astonished me at first, but soon I concluded that it was not to be taken literally, and determined so to construe it."

"HEADQUARTERS 1ST DIV., 5TH A. C.,
"*Dec.* 26, 1864.

"I left Washington on Wednesday afternoon, and reached here on Thursday evening. I counted on a world of trouble in finding headquarters, but good fortune attended me, and I went through quickly and safely. I met an old clerk of Mervine at City Point, taking medical stores to ours corps, who had a car for his special use, and he put all my things on board and took them to Parker's Station. I also met on the way, Colonel Sickell, who commanded a regiment in the division, and had sent for an ambulance to meet him at the Station, and I piled into that with my traps, and was set down at General Griffin's tent. The General was indignant because I had not brought his wife with me, but soon recovered his good humor. Everything was, and is still, in utter disorder. We are putting up log houses, and live anyway in the meanwhile. The General has a grand one nearly done—four rooms, with good doors, fire-places, floors, windows, and all the modern improvements. Though the houses of the staff will not equal his, they will be better than early settlers built, and highly comfortable.

General G. left for home Saturday, on a ten days' leave. The rest of us got up a luxurious Christmas dinner of turkeys and chickens, roasted and stuffed, with the usual condiments.

"I was mustered as Captain the day after arriving. Grindley wanted me in the regiment for a time at least. I could not blame him, but could not yield to him, and appealed to General Winthrop, who ordered me to remain here, and the order can hardly be revoked. I am rejoiced to get back. If the news from Wilmington be true, we must move before long, for General Lee cannot retain his hold of Richmond.

"P. S.—I have a chance to buy a handsome bridle cheap, and would like $20 immediately to make sure of it. Money letters for the army must be registered."

"HEADQUARTERS 1ST DIV., 5TH A. C.

"I am acting now as Adjutant-General of the division. It keeps me busy one or two hours a day, but as any moment may bring a communication, I must keep 'at home' all the time, with scarcely a chance to stir out.

"Mrs. Griffin and her little child are with us, the General having permission from the War

Department to bring them here. I am catering for the mess in addition to my other responsibilities, and the getting up of breakfasts and dinners almost wears me out. It is perplexing enough to provide a palatable variety with nothing but potatoes and beef, and then the greater trouble is to keep within financial bounds with butter at eighty cents, and other articles proportionately expensive. Turkeys range from $5 to $6 each, and oysters cost $1.50 a quart. Bankruptcy is upon us unless Congress delivers us."

"HEADQUARTERS 1ST DIVISION, 5TH A. C.,
" *Jan*, 20, 1865.

"I have just received your letter and one from mother, giving accounts of the accident to poor Horrie. As soon as I can learn his whereabouts definitely, whether at Fortress Monroe, or still at the front, I will go to him at once. Telegraph if I can do anything for him by my immediate presence. I would start for him now, but if I failed to find him, and sought a pass a second time, it might be refused. I am glad that the injury is no worse. I have been worried by the fear that he was in the Fort Fisher fight, and it is a comfort to learn the contrary, even with the

bad news about him. Since he entered the army, I find that it is a great deal harder to have relatives there than to be enlisted in it myself.

"I am not free until after ten at night, and then I am too sleepy for much writing."

"HEADQUARTERS 1ST DIVISION, 5TH A. C.,
"*Feb.* 7, 1865.

"Yesterday our corps was quite heavily engaged, but without success. There was a bad break in the right of our line in front of where we now are. All safe. General Crawford is going in again now; I hear his musketry this moment. The weather is intolerable, raining and freezing, and the men suffer severely."

"WASHINGTON, *Feb.* 15, 1865.

"I have just arrived here on business for General Griffin. My recommendation for Assistant Adjutant-General, with rank of Major, started on the 10th, and will probably reach the Secretary of War in a few days. I understand that it will be approved all the way up to him.

"I hope to return by way of Baltimore, and shall then see Horrie (in the hospital there). I

am afraid, however, that the river will open again and then I shall be obliged to take the regular line of boats, and so miss him."

"*March* 3, 1865.

"We have no apprehension of an attack. Indeed, nothing better could be desired. The orders issued a short time ago, when he was reported as near, shows that. They stated that if the enemy broke through anywhere, commanding officers must understand that it was allowed *with a purpose.* We feel as secure as you at home, and ask no greater favor of the rebels than a determined assault upon us. The newspaper talk of the eagerness of the soldiers, is generally 'bosh,' but at this particular time they would welcome an attack. The great fear with us now is for Sherman. The rebels have been indulging in obstreperous hurrahs for some days, and their deserters, of whom we have unusually large numbers, bring in reports that tales of his being thoroughly beaten circulate in their camps. It is consoling that none of them believe these."

"*March* 18, 1865.

"I had a delightful visit from father, and I

think he enjoyed it. He saw everything near us, and if he could have remained a little longer, we would have gone over the 9th Corps line, where the rebel pickets and works are close upon ours. There was fortunately a review of our whole corps while he was here, and he had a glimpse of the host of men we have under arms.

"The army is gradually getting into campaign trim. Sutlers and all peaceable beings fast disappear. Orders to be ready to move at a moment's notice are pending. Reviews and inspections take place daily, and startling rumors freely circulate. Scarcely a point within a circuit of 100 miles but is guessed as our destination.

"Mrs. Griffin takes her departure to-morrow, and then the last link to civilization is broken, and I shall resume my battered hat and private's pants, and go unshorn and unshaven once more, and out at the elbows and knees.

"On the whole, I hail the move. Quiet life has grown tedious, and I enjoy the prospect of more exciting scenes."

"*March* 25, 1865.

"Have just returned to camp after a little rumpus with the rebels, and am so thoroughly ex-

hausted that I must content myself with a note. I was awakened shortly after last midnight by unusually sharp picket firing towards the right, and soon artillery opened. This continued, sometimes increasing and then falling off, and it was clear that something threatened. At half-past five, word came that the 9th Corps' line was broken through, and we were ordered to move there with the utmost dispatch. We set out with others, leaving our brigade to protect our flank. After reaching the Wyatt House, two miles distant, we learned that the captured line was retaken, and we came to a halt. In the meanwhile, the pickets on the line of the 2d Corps began popping away, and at one o'clock we were sent to their support. They moved from their works towards the enemy, and our division followed. General Miles' division of the 2d Corps soon became engaged. They were hidden from us by a belt of woods, and I went to see how they were progressing. On reaching them, I found them wasting their ammunition by firing straight to the front, when every rebel bullet ought to have told them that their enemy was wholly at the right. I staid with them twenty minutes, long enough to be both excited and dis-

gusted, and then, pretty sure that they would, at least, hold their ground, went back. Our Third Brigade was thereupon ordered to the front, and all of us accompanied it. It relieved part of Miles' division. Two sections of artillery were brought forward, and heavy firing kept up until dark. We have taken over 3,000 prisoners, besides inflicting a large loss in killed and wounded. Our casualties, I think, will prove small, probably not a thousand all told. The Johnnies must be sorry that they woke us up. All at headquarters are safe, none of us having been exposed much. We lost but one horse. The skirmishers still indulge in just enough spurts of gunnery to startle us, but there is a prospect of quiet through the night. I have no idea what is to be done tomorrow."

"*March* 27, 1865.

"We are at this moment through with as hot an engagement as often occurs. Breaking camp at the Cummings House at three this morning, we moved on the 'stage road' towards Dinwiddie Court House, and massed there. After an hour or two, this division was ordered to move on the Quaker road, cross Gravelly river, and

develop the enemy. We went almost to the Boyalton road before encountering him in force, and then, driving back his skirmishers, we advanced in line. He made a counter charge, and though Chamberlain's brigade was alone in front, it checked him perfectly for a time. At least four of his brigades made the attack, and the fire was terrific. Our men finally gave way a little, when Bartlett's brigade came up and set the enemy flying. We then reached the Boyalton road, where our first line now lies. This division did the work. We have lost heavily, four or five hundred perhaps, but inflicted a heavier loss on the enemy, including many officers, and taken two hundred prisoners. General Meade has sent a note of congratulation to General Griffin. We are all safe. One of our orderlies was hit and one horse. It seems miraculous that we escaped. A bullet struck my foot, but not violently enough to leave a mark.

"Am too tired to hold a pen."

"*March* 31.

"We took the junction of the Quaker and Boyalton plank roads yesterday without much opposition, and formed our line along, and some

ways in front of it. To-day we have been at it sharply, and taken the White Oak road, a mile and a half from the South Side Railroad. It fell to this division to do the hard work. We have fought more by far, it is thought, than any other troops in the army, and have been highly successful, and we must be excused for feeling proud. To-day the division took a field from which the corps had been driven, capturing a number of prisoners and a battle-flag. My horse was killed under me, but I got off all right. The horse, by the way, was a very fine one, and borrowed for this march, and I must miss him sorely. Sheridan went in on our left, but was slightly whipped."

"*April* 1.

"Still safe, but write under the greatest excitement. We have beaten the rebels tremendously, Sheridan commanding, and his cavalry and the 5th Corps performing the task. General Griffin heads the corps at present, but do not mention it. Warren will probably be restored. I never witnessed anything like to-day's doings. We have four or five thousand prisoners, three pieces of artillery, and a multitude of flags. Let

every one cheer. Come what may to-morrow, we are grandly victorious to-day."

"*April* 3.

"I sent you word after the triumph of the 1st. I wish there was time to describe how glorious it was. Sheridan is a tiger, up with the front line always, and in the heat of battle. I was bound to be ahead of him, but it was hard enough to keep there. He urged the men on, carrying his flag in his own hand. All of us fought on our own hook. I saw General Griffin not more than half the time. Sheridan says that the victory is due to the personal exertions of the officers, and I believe he is right. Wherever one could get a dozen of men together, he 'filed ahead' on his own orders. General Griffin has made his fortune. Sheridan relieved Warren and placed him in command in the midst of the battle, and he did heroically, scaling the rifle-pits, where the artillery was, first of all. Greatly to my chagrin, I received my assignment as Captain and Adjutant to the division that very night, and had to leave the General and report to Bartlett. My other horse was shot under me and disabled, and I have to ride a picked up 'old plug.' I never saw

a fight before where the victory was so well followed up. Indeed, I think I never saw a perfect victory before. Yesterday (2d) we advanced to the South Side Railroad. Enemy have left artillery, wagons, and caissons strewed along the way. Just now hear that Petersburg and Richmond are captured. Enemy making tracks, some think to Danville, some to Lynchburgh, and some think they will stand at Amelia Court House.

"We are off again."

"*April* 8.

"Have just finished a most wearisome march. It is twelve at night, and we move again at four in the morning. Are pushing the remnant of Lee's army closely, and it looks as if he must either surrender or be destroyed, and yet possibly he may slip away, though we cannot see how. We are worn out, and writing is next to impossible; but a mail-carrier leaves in the morning, and as our chances for sending letters are scarce, I rouse myself enough to say that I am still safe. Our transcendent success pays us for all the suffering, not only of this campaign, but of the whole war."

"*April* 9.

"More glorious news. *General Lee has just surrendered the whole army in front of us.* You cannot imagine our exultation. I can't give particulars. Sufficient to say, that after fearful marching, we caught him at last. We were hurrying after him nearly all last night. I wrote you then as we got into camp. Have an opportunity to send to-day by the *Herald* messenger. We set out at 4 A.M., and struck the enemy before long. They skirmished a little and shelled a great deal. I had a narrow escape from one of their last shots. The cavalry had been skirmishing at our front, but we had hardly developed our infantry and commenced to advance our line, before they left their position. We followed hard after them, General Bartlett driving the skirmishing line in person. We moved about three-quarters of a mile, when we were notified that Lee was asking terms. The firing stopped in great part, and General Bartlett rode ahead into Appomattox Court House. Our headquarters flag was the first there. A rebel colonel surrendered his brigade to us in person, only a couple hundred of them being left. The battery that had been an-

noying us so, was still in the streets. General Gordon (rebel) met us and asked to have that ground left neutral for the time, and we therefore placed our guards there and left. Sheridan, Griffin, Bartlett, and a few other Generals went into the village, met the rebel officers, and arranged an armistice until four o'clock. Grant and Lee met soon after, and Lee surrendered. *Laus Deo!*"

"APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE,
"*April* 10, 1865.

"We have been lying quietly in camp all day. The rebel army is camped immediately opposite, and the men of the two sides have been trading knives, hard-tack, tobacco, and horses, in spite of the orders to keep away from each other. I have not rode over to the other camp yet, for it is not allowed, and besides it seems like triumphing over a fallen foe. Those who have been there report that many of the Confederates are sulky and saucy. Numbers have undoubtedly left with their arms, and will turn guerillas or join some other command. A large proportion of the cavalry who laid down arms today were minus every warlike weapon. They

had probably broken or hidden their carbines and pistols. Our victory is so complete that we can afford to pass by such an offence. It does not seriously harm us, while it dishonors them. How odd and incomprehensible to see Lee's camp-fires dotting the hillsides and shining through the trees, and yet to sit in perfect security, without the sound of a shot, and taking no precautions against an attack. There has been no parade about the surrender. Generals Griffin, Gibbons, and Merritt were designated to carry out the stipulations of the capitulation, and have done everything very quietly. The rebel infantry deliver their arms to-morrow, and our division is appointed to receive them. The honor has been well won, for emphatically hard work has fallen to us. Our Ordnance Officer is directed to take charge of the cannon, rifles, and ammunition, and our corps to remain until all is turned over. It is worth something to have services thus recognized by those who have watched them, and not be beholden to newspaper correspondents. Sheridan did not fight by map and telegraph, but took the field himself, and saw who the soldiers were. There can be no higher compliment than he paid Griffin by putting him at the head of the

corps on the 1st of April, and it was deserved too. Set free from control, Griffin shot up at once. Meade has been overslaughed, a large portion of his army reporting direct to Sheridan, and Grant in person issuing orders to the remainder. Though Crawford ranks Griffin, he is placed under his command, and this makes him sore."

"*April* 14.

"We are still at Appomattox Court House. All the rebels have left, and most of them were glad to go, and regard Lee's surrender as the end not only of his army, but also of the Confederacy. We march to-morrow, but for what point I do not know. Unless Johnson has already given up to Sherman, we may strike at him. But I do not anticipate much fighting, and if there is, our men are so elated as to be irresistible.

"I am suffering from nervousness, in consequence of two weeks intense excitement, and can hardly keep still a moment, and I need not detail the recent events. I wish it were possible to express the exultation we felt on the morning of the 9th. We knew that the whole of Lee's army was before us, but exhausted by marching the day

and night before, confident as I was of victory, I felt in poor fighting trim, as we deployed our division in an open field behind a cavalry battery that played on the enemy's skirmishers. These were plainly a few hundred yards ahead, and yet scarcely annoyed us while we were forming, and soon we sent our skirmishers forward, following them up with lines of battle, General Bartlett taking charge of the skirmishers in person. The division flag attracted attention, and the rebel batteries threw their shell at us with uncomfortable precision. But on we went, and forced the artillery to limber up and move away. We were following up and beginning to draw the infantry fire when Captain Sheridan rode to us on a run, with the news that Lee had surrendered. We stopped our men from firing, and spread the report. No very tumultuous cheering was raised for some time. The first feeling was that of relief, for all were expecting a desperate conflict, and besides, it took us awhile to realize the fact. Firing continued for sometime, as information could not be spread instantly through the whole line. Even the rebels in our front gave our staff several salutes after we had gone before our lines, but fortunately no one was hurt. Two days after, our

division received the arms of the rebel infantry, and they got their paroles and started for home. Their camp is deserted now, nothing but debris remaining.

"I have bought General Griffin's little mare for $350, and would like a check to pay for her as soon as the mail is safe. I would not sell her for a $100 to boot, because of the reminiscences associated with her. I rode her during Lee's surrender, and learned from rebel officers that she was thoroughbred, and raised by Hare, the celebrated Virginia jockey. The only two horses I had were shot under me, and I have been riding 'old plugs' so long that it is a luxury to back a decent animal."

"*April* 25, 1865.

"My correspondence has been so long with pencil, and so hurried, and in such awkward positions, that I have almost lost the use of a pen, seated leisurely at table. Our tedious and wearing marching and countermarching are finished for a time, we hope. Our division guards the South Side road from Wilson's Station to Sutherland's, headquarters being at the former, where we were fortunate enough to find a capital house,

especially well adapted to our use, and inhabited by a small family for Virginia, consisting of only eight children and two poor relatives, besides the pater and mater familias. We pitched our tents, got our baggage, and for the first time in three weeks, enjoyed a bath and change of clothes. I took twenty-four hours to make up for lost sleep, and indulged the fallacious hope of a respite for a few days from every kind of labor and care. But the unhappy people for four miles around poured in with sad faces and lugubrious stories, and piteous appeals for safeguards, rations, old horses, and advice generally. Arrant rebels most of them are, but they take the oath of allegiance, and will as readily break it. Our stragglers have given them a bitter taste of war, and I am quite willing to let them keep what little they have left. It is remarkable how many good Union citizens the wish for a safeguard draws to us, male citizens, I mean, for the women are incorrigible, and only their natural regard for men disposes them towards even a show of civility. We had a rumor that guerillas were prowling about, but our men go six or seven miles into the country without fear, and I rather think that our slim picket line do more sleeping than watching. All this is

strange to us, and demoralizing to military character and habits. Leaves of absence are granted now, and I shall apply for one as soon as business wears a little deeper channel. I hope that Horrie can be moved home (from hospital) by that time. If I telegraph from Washington, please answer immediately to the address I shall give, so that I may know whether to stop for him at Baltimore.

"General Bartlett is assigned to the 9th Corps, and General Chamberlain commands the division now. The latter fully merits the praise given him. His conduct was even more distinguished at Lewis Farm on the 29th, than at Five Forks, where everybody acted nobly. I have sent for information about the little drummer-boy of whom mother wrote, and will give to it her when I get it."*

"HEADQUARTERS IST DIVISISON, 5TH A. C.,
"*May* 8.

"The mail goes out to-night for the first time since we left Richmond. We are making slow and easy marches towards Washington. We are

* Letters from preceding date to May 8th have been lost, and the one describing the entrance into Richmond was particularly graphic.

at Milford's Station to-night, and expect to be at Fredericksburg to-morrow. We passed through the ex-Confederate capital on the 6th in magnificent style, being received by the 24th Corps, who frightened all our horses and nearly broke the necks of their riders. I moved along sideways, and the rest of the staff were lifted up by the hind legs of their chargers, the feats being more entertaining to beholders than to ourselves."

"HEADQUARTERS 1ST DIVISION, 5TH A. C.,
"*May* 26.

"I have been bothered more than usually of late. One of my clerks got drunk and was absent three days, so that I was obliged to relieve him and turn him over to the tender mercies of the Provost Marshal. Another, and he, alas, a minister's son, forged a letter to get a furlough for a friend, and I have also been obliged to dispense with his services, and now I have but two left, one of whom is raw, and the other sick. I have been doing my own copying. Added to office duty have been the grand review to occupy me, and the presentation to General Griffin of a diamond division badge, which would make your eyes open. One of the brilliants cost a $1,000. I wish some of

you could have witnessed the review. It was a sight that never has been seen before on this continent, and probably never will be again. Though wearied by the passing of column after column with unvarying monotony, the beholders will soon forget the tedium, and ever gratefully remember that they looked upon the two armies that had marched and fought with an endurance and desperateness unsurpassed, and perhaps unequalled in martial exploits.

"Since the review, the heroes have been badly demoralized. More drunken soldiers have appeared than I ever saw before, and the officers have behaved no better, and, it may be, worse. I staid in camp while Sherman's troops passed through, for some one was needed there, and every other officer went off. About 5 o'clock I rode to the city and had a view of the wrecks of the camps strewing the road from Long Bridge to Four Mile Run."

"HEADQUARTERS 1ST DIVISION, 5TH A. C.,
"*June* 2, 1865.

"Since regiments began mustering out, every department officer has been under pressure. Work is more than doubled, and we lose our

trained clerks. I have a set of perfect novices, and am worried constantly in consequence. It will be a happy day for us when the troops who go home are out of the way. I cannot tell my destination, but am likely to be retained for some time yet, and certainly as long as the division organization continues. Rumors of every kind fly about; some to the effect that all but Hancock's corps, the regulars, the negroes, and the veteran reserves are to retire soon, and others that the corps organization is to be maintained, and the force sent to the interior of Virginia.

"President Johnson remarked to General Chamberlain that the Government must look for its soldiers to the Army of the Potomac. Sherman's men did their prescribed task, but their depredating march destroyed their discipline and turned them into a rabble."

"*June* 5.

"To-day the last troops which leave this division under the order discharging those whose term of service expires before October 1st, were mustered out. An order is reported to be on the way, directing the discharge of men whose term of service expires the present year. But a single

brigade would be left then, and there is no telling what will become of the staff officers. I dislike the uncertainity, but cannot do better than to wait patiently until it is relieved. I am very anxious for a furlough, but see no chance for it now. I have hoped to be able, at least, to run over to Horrie at Baltimore, but I cannot leave for even a few hours without the fear of some untoward occurrence during my absence. The Summer will find me a citizen at home, and I can patiently endure until then.

"It has been exceedingly sorrowful to have the old regiments and old friends turn their steps home, while we plod along in the old course of camp-life."

"HEADQUARTERS 1ST DIVISION, 5TH A. C.,
"*June* 19, 1865.

"I reached camp on Saturday night, having staid half a day longer in New York than I intended. My inquiries about business prospects were not encouraging. Litigation is said to have fallen off a third, and though lawyers look for more in the Fall, no good reason for it appears. I shall write to Chicago and Detroit, and try to learn what promise they furnish.

"I spent a part of a day with Horrie at Baltimore, devoting most of the time to a fruitless effort to procure his pay. He could not go home because he could not get leave of absence. He has sent in his resignation, and looks for its acceptance hourly. He says that you need not come on for him, but he cannot travel safely alone. His leg has united, but the muscles are stiffened. He hobbles out every day, and keeps in the best of spirits.

"I found everything going on smoothly here. Nothing is known definitely about us, but there is no intimation of our breaking up soon. Any day, however, may bring a sweeping order, sending us away."

The following extract from a letter by W. R. Dewitt, M.D., Medical Director of the 1st Division, 5th Army Corps, will appropriately close the record of Major Fowler while connected with the Army of the Potomac:

"He joined the staff to which I was attached, that of the late General Charles Griffin, as Aide-de-Camp. I remember the day well. From the first we were all pleased with his frank and soldier-

ly bearing, and he soon became a great favorite with us. A short time afterwards he was promoted to the position of Assistant Adjutant-General, and as such he became chief of staff, and was placed to a great extent over his brother officers, many of whom were much older than he. In this trying and difficult position, especially to so young a man, he won not only the respect and admiration, but the love of all with whom he was associated. In his official capacity he was strict. Some of us thought him too strict at times in the construction of orders, yet by his uniform kindness and willingness to sacrifice his own comfort for that of others, the strictness and the soldier were forgotten in the kindness and the man. I knew him intimately, as we were tent-mates for some time, and have been with him in the camp, on the march, and in many a hard-fought battle. On the field of battle he was cool and collected, issuing the orders of the General with clearness and distinctness, and I often heard it said by commanding officers, that there was 'no mistaking an order given by Major Fowler.' I do not speak of his personal bravery in an army where all were brave, but his coolness under fire, his *ease* upon the field of battle

were peculiar to himself. I remember on one occasion, when I rode up to him to learn the disposition of the troops, he met me with the remark: 'Why, Doctor, are not your surgeons satisfied with the slaughter of to-day, or are you here like Oliver, asking for more?" In camp he was always cheerful, relieving the tedium of life and the fatigues of the march with pleasant conversation, and it was often remarked of him that he kept his temper unfailingly in the most trying circumstances. General Griffin reposed great confidence in him, and continued him with him until the closing battle of the war, that of Five Forks, when the General took command of the Corps, and Major Fowler remained in his post in the Division, on the staff of General J. L. Chamberlain.

"From this time I saw but little of him, meeting him only two or three times. When I saw the notice of his death, I felt as if I had lost a brother, so near had he become to me by intimate association in many scenes of danger, trial, and difficulty; and though he did not die in battle, he is one of the many who gave their lives to their country."

SERVICE IN THE FREEDMAN'S BUREAU AT WASHINGTON.

General Griffin desired very much to retain his Assistant Adjutant-General, when, after the close of the war, he was assigned to the command of the Department of the South, and for this purpose secured a commission for him as Captain in the Regular Army. But Major Fowler's distaste for military life constrained him to decline it, and he accepted an invitation from General Howard to take charge of the Land and Claim Division of the Freedman's Bureau. The uniformity of his life there was relieved by no particular incident worthy of note, but it is gratifying to record the testimony of his chief to the mode in which he performed his part, and this occurs in the course of a letter of condolence:

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE COLUMBIA,
"PORTLAND, OREGON, *Feb.* 13, 1875.

"I knew Major Fowler very well after the war. General Griffin, with whom he had served, came to me when I was organizing my Bureau divisions, and recommended him to me as an intelligent, able, and industrious officer. He was assigned to duty with me at my official request, and by

me placed in the charge of the Land and Claim Division. Here he worked hard in helping me to arrange that troublesome division of my office. Without my records, which remain in Washington, I cannot tell the precise time he left me. I think he was on duty a little upwards of two years. His name appears in Johnson's Encyclopædia, with quite a full notice of the extent of the labor of his office division. As soon as I receive a copy, I will forward you an extract; I have yet seen only the proof. Major Fowler was very quiet and retiring, going into society scarcely any in Washington. He was respectful and attentive to duty, and very thoroughly acquainted with the law. So that when questions affecting abandoned, confiscated, and public lands came up, I was sure to consult with him. His opinions were always clear, briefly spoken, and decided. I was always delighted to hear good accounts of his subsequent work, and join you in saying, 'God be praised for it,' that he became a sincere Christian.

"With sympathy and sincerity, I remain your husband's friend,

"O. O. HOWARD,

"*Brigadier-General, U. S. A.*"

The extract from the Encyclopædia referred to by General Howard is too long to be introduced here. A few quotations from it must suffice:

"Major Wm. Fowler (succeeded after two or three years by General A. P. Howe and Mr. Wm. P. Drew) took charge of the 'abandoned land' division. The abandoned land that came under the supervision of the Bureau was upwards of 800,000 acres of land, besides 3,373 town lots. The work in this division conformed to the changing policy of the Government at the South, where the property was situated. A portion served the purpose of revenue for a time. A careful record was taken, plans were entered upon for the settlement of freedmen, and afterward modified or abandoned. Finally, all, or nearly all, was restored to the former owners.

"To the land division was assigned, after a time, what was called after the lands had all been restored, 'the claim division.' This was organized to take up the work undertaken and left by the Sanitary Commission of aiding soldiers in the collection of bounties, prize money, and other dues without charge to them. This division

applied in the Bureau to the colored soldiers, sailors, and marines alone. The number of such claims in process of settlement in December, 1867, was over 4,000; in 1868, upwards of 17,000. The Commissioners report for 1869 uses these significant words: 'It is not possible by any machinery to furnish absolute security to both claimants and the Government against fraud. The inventions of cupidity are almost infinite, and when no other scheme is successful, the last resort of baffled dishonesty is to turn upon the Bureau agents with false charges in the public prints, for the purpose of getting them disgraced and removed.'"

Major Fowler's position subjected his integrity to the severest test. He was often approached with disguised and tempting bribes by people anxious to recover, at any tolerable expenditure, the homes and possessions they had forfeited, and dishonest claim agents attempted to thrust upon him or slyly to convey to him large sums to purchase his connivance at their frauds. Not a farthing of ill-gotten gains came into his hands, and not a suspicion of it ever arose.

Major Fowler retired from the Freedman's

Bureau with the view of embarking in, what seemed at the time, a promising business enterprise at Newbern, North Carolina. He joined two young townsmen, school-mates and fellow officers in the army, in the distillation of turpentine by a new process. The experiment proved costly and unsuccessful, subjecting him to much anxiety and distress while it was in progress, and mortifying and disheartening him at its failure.

Hon. Wm. H. S. Sweet, one of his associates in business, writes:

"During the twenty-two years since my acquaintance with William began, I had an opportunity to know him intimately in various relations. We prepared for and entered college together, and passed our course at the Albany Law School in the same class. During the war, we were officers for a time in the same regiment. Mustered out of service, after the war closed, we engaged in business together at Newbern, N. C. My memory does not recall a single instance of petulant or ruffled temper in all these situations. He was always affable and genial. His sunny disposition and attractive manners converted acquaintances into warm friends. His standing in

academic, collegiate, and professional studies was high and enviable. He was brave and gallant as a soldier, and as a man of business he was attentive and diligent, with capacity and integrity which his associates remember with pleasure."

Failing in his manufacturing venture, Major Fowler was impelled to the profession for which he had been trained, and to which he was eminently adapted. He feared to enter this when he was released from the army, because he thought it over-stocked, but he appeared to be allowed no alternative now, and he found it so accordant with his tastes, that he highly enjoyed every moment he spent in it.

LIFE AT THE BAR IN ELMIRA.

Several places for practice were considered by him, but Providence happily decided the question for him. He was led to Elmira, the home of his childhood, where he was warmly welcomed by the many friends of his family, and introduced into the office of Messrs. Smith, Robinson, and Fassett. No situation could have been more agreeable to him. With a keen relish for the

profession, sharpened by actual enjoyment of it, he was associated with congenial friends, to whom he was strongly attached. Especially did he feel favored by his connection and intimacy with Judge Smith, and by the kindness of that gentleman's family to him; and in their delightful home he formed an acquaintance which ripened into affection and resulted in marriage, and his life thus received its crowning earthly blessing. His friend and associate, the Hon. H. Boardman Smith, whose relation to him best qualifies him to speak of him professionally, says in a sketch of him, to which personal regard may have unduly contributed:

"As a lawyer, he displayed great native ability and very remarkable discipline of mind. This trained strength gave him great power of analysis. He could not be baffled by sophistries or logical shams. He took an argument to pieces with great facility, and exposed its hidden fallacy. His mind pierced directly to the core of a question. He had pre-eminently what our profession terms a 'legal mind.' Just what this is, it is difficult to define. It involves strength of intellectual muscle, acumen, discrimination, judg-

ment, knowledge of human nature, a mental poise not unbalanced by sympathy for a client or a fee, a lack of veneration for the sophistical logic of courts,—in one word, the ability to get right and to demonstrate that one is right. While with us, he was often entrusted with the most important cases in the higher courts, and was successful in a very marked degree. I think he was never beaten contrary to his expectations. He loved justice, and could not be used to circumvent the right. He magnified his office, aiming at the attainment of truth and equity in the quarrels of men. If life had been spared to him, he would have been very eminent in the higher walks of the profession, and have wielded a great influence in the community as an 'honest lawyer.' He had a large heart. He was peculiarly pleasing and gentle in his manners. He was unselfish—'loving himself last.' He has left a pleasant memory in our office. We admired him as a lawyer, and loved him as a man."

Extremely diffident, Major Fowler naturally shrank from general society, and yet he always enjoyed it when brought into it, and few people were so agreeable in it. Graceful in manners, of

fine person and carriage, of refined taste, of ready wit and delicate humor, well informed on current topics, and of kindly disposition, he graced and entertained any intelligent and cultivated circle. He ventured out to some extent during his residence in Elmira, and the impression he made is described in the following extracts from a commemorative paper read before the "Literary and Social Union of the First Presbyterian Church," by Rev. Dr. Wm. E. Knox: "enough to show," as the writer remarks, "our estimate as a congregation and society of so truly an invaluable member. We have no one to fill his place, and are not likely to have, though his example in stimulating others to like service remains."

"At the time of the formation of our Society, Major William Fowler had been a resident of the city for a little more than a year. He was pursuing the practice of law in the office of Hon. H. Boardman Smith, under severe bodily weakness which his service in the War of the Rebellion had occasioned. It was not to have been expected that he could afford much time or strength to demands outside of his profession, and it was, therefore, with the greater pleasure that we

found him immediately entering with such cordial appreciation into our associated aims and efforts. His superior literary tastes and genial manners drew our unanimous suffrages to him as a presiding officer."

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"At the opening of the second year, he was chosen critic for the first quarter, as he was for the first quarter of the succeeding year. The well-remembered, readable, and racy papers he produced in this department became a model to which we are in no small measure indebted for the sustained interest to which other incumbents of the place have since so successfully contributed. His always original, graceful, and genial style of composition, his abounding literary allusions, his playful self-depreciation, the abundant material of semi-serious review, and keen, but kindly criticism which he found in the most ordinary business item, in every written essay, recitation, reading, vocal or instrumental piece, imparted a rich and relishable humor to his critiques, which made them a leading feature of the evening's entertainment."

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"His death could not be said to have been un-

expected, but it was none the less impressive to the wide circle of his Elmira acquaintances and friends. We knew that the Bar of our city had lost from its ranks a youthful member, who, had life and strength been spared him, would have shone among it brightest ornaments, for he had eminently a legal mind, whose vigorous and almost intuitive grasp of law principles had been recognized by those who had the best opportunities for observation as something unusual, and for which he had laid the foundation in a thorough mental discipline and solid scholarship. To this he added artistic tastes, and literary and social accomplishments, which would have adorned any circle in which he had moved. *I* may be pardoned for speaking of him with a special admiration and interest, for coming into this congregation, of which his father was pastor for many years; he seemed to regard nothing that belonged to its welfare as foreign to himself. A regular attendant at church, and a member of the Bible-class, he aided in the illustration of our Sunday-school lessons by illuminated drawings on the black-board, such as made teachers and scholars wonder how ordinary chalk crayons could produce them."

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"It is a feeble, but feeling tribute we thus pay to his memory. Words can but obscurely express the loss a Society suffers when from its roll of members a name is struck of one so rich in resources and so ready to use them. Doubly grateful were the valuable services he rendered us for the spontaneous delight they afforded the giver. Would that his honored example might be fruitful in a wide imitation by those who witnessed it.

"'Peace to the memory of a man of worth,
A man of letters and of manners too.'

"Nor is it a vain benediction, for thanks to Him 'who giveth His beloved sleep,' there has come back the report with what quietness of spirit our departed friend passed away from earth. The darkness of the valley into which he descended was made light by a divine presence. He seemed to hear a reassuring voice, saying, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.'"

SICKNESS AND DEATH.

The first two years of Major Fowler's wedded life were almost cloudless sunshine. His cosy

house, embellished with little ornaments which his fastidious taste selected, was a total contrast to the quarters he had occupied so many years, and a loved and devoted wife, and genial visitors, made his home a paradise. The exposure to which he was put in the army, and particularly the malaria he encountered in Louisiana, showed signs of their effect when he first settled in Elmira, but too faintly to excite uneasiness. While attending the Court of Appeals at Albany, in the Winter of 1873, he slipped on the ice, and a lameness and pain in the knee followed, which soon after pinioned and tortured him. The ablest medical treatment failed to relieve him, and by the advice of physicians, he spent a Winter in Florida. Under that genial climate, and in a large household of his nearest relatives, he enjoyed every moment of the cool season, but as warm weather came on, unfavorable symptoms appeared, and returning North, he put himself, as a private patient, under the care of the able physicians in attendance at the New York Presbyterian Hospital, and particularly of Dr. L. De F. Woodruff, with Dr. F. N. Otis as consulting surgeon. These gentlemen continued their services when he removed to apartments in the city, and waited upon him

with the tenderness and earnestness of brothers. But art and zeal were of no avail. The primary disease might have been mastered. A supplement set in which defied resistance.

The characteristics of the sufferer brightened in the shades of his chamber. No streak flecked the sky that canopied him, and he flung a cheerful light on all about him. One could hardly feel that he was in a sick-room when with him. Though stretched on a rack for weeks and months, he so concealed and restrained all indications and expressions of pain, that he was not suspected of enduring it. Never did a murmur make discord with the notes of gratitude tuned by his heart. "Was ever sick man treated so kindly," and "did ever sick man fare so well," frequently burst from his lips. His only concern respected others, and he mourned the smallest tax on the humblest of those who waited upon him. Even delirium did not impair his consideration for them. He repeatedly supposed during transient wanderings of mind, that his nurse, an able-bodied man, was put to some peril or suffering in helping him, and he earnestly begged to have him spared.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

Major Fowler never made a formal and public profession of religion, but he was always open to its influence, and often exercised by it, and at last happily subject to it. He waited on its services and attended to its instructions in childhood and youth without the restlessness so common at that age, cheerfully committing to memory passages of Scripture, and the answers and proofs of the Westminster Catechism, so that he could repeat them as readily as the alphabet, and giving the substance of the daily reading at family prayers as accurately and fully after listening to it at the time, as if he had made a study of it previously, and on no occasion was he known to hesitate about going to Sunday-school and church. He left home first on entering college, and was then only sixteen years old, but he did not depart from the way in which he had been brought up. On the contrary, at one period of this part of his literary course, he felt committed to it more than ever before. The Spirit of God was copiously poured out on the institution, and upon him in common with his fellow students,

and he indulged the hope that he committed his all to the keeping of the Saviour, and consecrated his all to His service. The faculty advised his uniting with the church, but his constitutional diffidence kept him back, and out of the fold he relapsed into the world. The solemnities and horrors of the scenes through which he passed in the progress of the war deeply affected him, and he frequently wrote of his feelings: "I am most thankful that my life is still spared and my body unhurt. It is due to your prayers at home, and I have always counted upon them in the battles through which I have gone. It is impossible for any reflecting man to look daily into the very face of death without thinking of preparation for it, and it has been seriously in my mind, especially since your letter of June 9th. I cannot presume that I am a Christian, but that is my effort and aim. I feel how little I can accomplish for myself, and I am driven to pray as my only resort. At the same time a dreadful insensibility distresses me, and I often fear that an utterly unworthy motive—the fear of sudden death—alone actuates me. I know you all plead for me, and greatly do I need such help.

"If put in a different situation, I trust that it

will be in a country regiment, under a good, moral, or Christian Colonel.

"Since that day I have been much exercised in religious subjects. I hardly dare to hope that I am a Christian, but I have tried and am trying, with God's help, to lead a new life. I have always felt on going into battle the power of the prayers I know that you and mother were offering for me, and they gave me a confidence and courage which I could have gained from no other source."

The chaplain of his regiment wrote from before Port Hudson, June 24, 1863: "He is quite correct in his habits—as far as I know, not addicted to profanity, a habit fearfully prevalent in the army among officers and men,—and he never uses intoxicating drinks except for medicinal purposes, and I know that he has not been guilty of dissipation. He has regularly attended our services when we were so situated as to hold them. I had a very gratifying conversation with him last evening. Something was said about Christian men among our mutual friends and acquaintances, and of the sad declension of some of his college-classmates who had made a profession of

religion during the revival in 1857–8, and he expressed thankfulness that he had not done the same thing, though he also remarked that a connection with the church then might have established him in the Christian life. He seems thoughtful and anxious, and as God has heard your prayers and preserved his life in imminent danger, so He may likewise make him His child. In the late engagement, he was uppermost in my mind, and I have felt that he was kept safe in answer to prayer. We are in daily expectation of another attack. I shall try to do as you requested, should your loved son fall, but I trust that he will be spared to rejoice your heart by giving the assurance that he has embraced the Saviour."

While his transfer to the Army of the Potomac was most agreeable to his tastes, it is doubtful whether it furthered his spiritual interests, and there is no knowledge of anything favorable to these until the seeds of disease sown in him during his connection with the army in Louisiana had developed themselves. The strokes of the rod were needed to turn him fully to God. His strong aversion to speak of himself, added to his great distrust of himself, prevented an early and

frequent expression of his feelings even after the heavenly discipline began; but the disposition he habitually manifested was eminently Christian. Submission, and gratitude, and love, demonstrated the genuineness and completeness of his conversion; and when he did speak, the language, coming from him, admitted of no doubt. He dearly loved the Bible, and his last and most relished exercise every day was to listen to one of its precious passages. Always fond of poetry, he came to exquisitely enjoy devotional hymns. "The Changed Cross" was particularly dear to him, not as a work of art, but for its simplicity and spirituality, and he feasted on this as the accompaniment of the Bible, calling for a reading from it as night after night he was preparing for sleep. He lay several weeks balancing between life and death, suffering intensely for much of the time, but as placid and sweet as an infant. It was the happiness of all his family to be with him then, and the long-drawn scene was wonderful and beautiful, no less than affecting to them, contradicting the ordinary ideas of dying. There was no wavering of the faculties until just at the last, no trepidation of spirit, no gloom, while a quiet interest continued in the affairs and occur-

rences of the world. He was occasionally delirious for two or three days before his death, but in the intervals, some peculiarly gratifying conversations were held with him. As his mother went up to his bed, he said, "I would like to hear the Bible, and I wish father was here to pray with me." The twenty-fifth psalm was read, and he then spoke at length of himself. He said that he felt very much as if he was dying, and that for several months he had despaired of living, but thought that he had committed his soul to the Saviour some time before, but that his disinclination to talk on such subjects had withheld him from mentioning it. "You have had many thoughts on your sick-bed," it was remarked to him, "that you could not utter?" "O, yes," he replied, "and that 'Changed Cross' has been such a comfort to me, and helped me so much." He attempted to say something about *feeling* that he was a sinner, and feeling that he believed, and added: "But I cannot help believing in the Saviour, and all I can do is to trust myself with Him." He could hardly consent to have the conversation close; and when the hymn, "Just as I am," was repeated to him, he said: "I wish Laura was here to sing it to me." Finally, worn out by the

long and severe struggle, he fell into a comatose state, occasionally arousing from it, and exhausted nature gave out with so faint an expiring, that the vigilant eyes watching him did not suspect it. His wife stepped to another part of the room a moment before; his nurse had just administered a potion to him, and was sitting by him, when his sister came up and looking at him, exclaimed, "He is dead."

It was concluded to place the remains in the family plot at the Albany Rural Cemetery, and for that reason the funeral was held in the city of New York. Had the choice of the place been left to the bereaved family, it would have been appointed at Elmira, the home of the deceased, or at Utica, the home of his parents, but Providence ordered better. A larger number of attendants might have been present at either of those cities, but not so many special friends. Every person in the congregation was a mourner, and many appeared who seemed brought as by a miracle there, and whose expression of sympathy in their sorrow thus given, was an unspeakable comfort to the afflicted relatives. The services were conducted in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, by the pastor, Rev. John

Hall, D.D., whose Scripture selections, and remarks, and prayers were exceedingly happy and consolatory, while a select choir exquisitely rendered the three pieces, "Cast thy burden on the Lord," "Beyond the smiling and the weeping," "Jerusalem, the golden."

Sad as it was on a damp, chilly Sunday morning in November (the 29th), to lay one so precious in the cold ground, and bury him out of sight, there was great relief in leaving him there in the immediate company of near and dear kindred, and surrounded by a multitude of their most intimate friends, and almost a thrill of joy was felt in the thought that Jesus had slept in the grave, and so given it sweetness and fragrance, and that its closed mouth would open for a blessed and glorious resurrection.

Numerous letters conveyed soothing sympathy to the stricken family. It would be a pleasure to quote from them all, but difficult as a selection is, only enough can be given from a few to indicate the tenor of the whole.

"I feel as if I could not wait another hour without expressing my deepest sympathy with you. I have borne you and yours on my heart

and in my prayers for the last week. Dear, dear Will! I cannot tell you how dearly I loved him, and what sweet and lovely memories I have of him from his boyhood upward. How unselfish, and genial, and intelligent, and agreeable he was. I cannot repress the wish that God might have spared a life that would have been so noble and useful. MRS. E. A. W."

"They echo all Dr. H. had said to me of his loveliness of character, his wonderful unselfishness, and his brilliant intellect. The Dr. spoke also with keen regret of his loss to the world, of the useful and brilliant career undoubtedly his had he lived; emphatically repeating, if such a thing could be, he was too unselfish—too unselfish for his own good. MRS. R. C."

"In our old college days, when I used to see him quite often, I loved his acute, and vivacious, and cherry ways. He was the centre of a bright company always. I took pride in the easy fashion in which he accomplished his ordinary work as a student, and with half the usual expenditure of strength, maintain a high place in his class. I used to think then that if his physical stamina

had equalled the quickness and force of his mind, he would have few, if any, real competitors. Even at that time, he had many serious thoughts about his religious obligations, and I remember the gravity and candor with which he acknowledged the claims of religion upon him—greater claims because of the accumulated influences of home and friends, which had been at work upon him. I have never ceased to expect much from him as a man, feeling sure that a mind so just as his, and a heart so true, would not only fill a large place of earthly influence, but would soon or late be devoted to the service of Christ.

"REV. PROF. A. H. STRONG, D.D.,
"*Theological Seminary, Rochester.*"

"Ever since I met him, he has been my ideal of a charming, cultivated gentleman. I never saw his equal; I never expect to find it. I loved him dearly, first because he was your husband, and then for himself. His genial, charming manners endeared him to everybody that knew him. His brilliancy and culture always called forth a wondering admiration.

"W. S.'

"I was strongly attached to him in college, and I cannot reconcile my mind to the decree that has cut short a life so bright and promising. When I first knew him I was attracted by the elegance of his mind, and the graceful ease of his expression. When I became intimate with him, I found him true and faithful.

"W. P."

"He was one of my best friends. Indeed, he was a good friend to all his class-mates, and I cannot recall anyone who was so universally beloved.

A. B. B."

"He had filled a large place in the circle of Elmira friendship. He had a richly-endowed nature, intellectual and social, and to his full measure of strength and beyond, his genial and generous spirit prompted him in his contributions to the happiness of others.

"REV. WM. E. KNOX, D.D."

"I admired and loved your husband. He was a man of regal intellect, of large heart, of the most perfect mental discipline, and a most agree-

able office companion. With health, he would have led the Bar of our country in the higher walks of the profession. His untimely death is a dreadful blow to me.

"HON. H. BOARDMAN SMITH,

"House of Representatives.

"Washington, D. C.,
"Dec. 6, 1874."

"And it is so soon over! So like a dream when one awaketh! But it is not over. Your whole earthly life will be changed by these few brief years of love, and sympathy, and mental burden-bearing. Even eternity will bear the impress of this deepest experience of your soul.

"P. M. K."

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